SUPERMAN
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SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
A SWIRL OF TREACHEROUS WATERS SWEEPS AWAY THE SMALL GRANDSON OF RICH, BLIND OLD JOHN BARNETT--- AND THEREAFTER HE IS JUST ABOUT THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! BUT A MILLION-DOLLAR LURE BRINGS HUMAN JACKALS INTO THE OPEN WITH ONE OF THE CRUELLEST SCHEMES ON RECORD... AND SUPERMAN, WHO IN ALL HIS EPIC ADVENTURES HAS NEVER TAKEN A HUMAN LIFE OR PERMITTED A CRIME TO GO UNPUNISHED, IS SUDDENLY FACED WITH THE DESPERATE NECESSITY OF DOING ONE OR THE OTHER FOR THE SAKE OF ONE OF THE MOST LIKEABLE LITTLE FELLOWS YOU'VE EVER MET--
"THE BOY WHO CAME BACK!"

SELDOM HAVE WE SEEN THE FACE OF **SUPERMAN** AS GRIM AS THIS, NO MATTER HOW SERIOUS THE BUSINESS AT HAND...

AND SELDOM HAS SUCH COLD, DELIBERATE FURY MARKED HIS EVERY MOVEMENT...

WHAT--? HE'S BACK!

TAKE IT EASY, **SUPERMAN**! YOU KNOW THE TROUBLE WE CAN MAKE IF WE WANT TO.

SHUT UP, YOU WHITE LIVERED GRUBS! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SMALL PAYMENT ON ACCOUNT, HERE AND NOW!

ROCK-HARD FISTS SWEEP IN BLURRED ARCS AND BODIES THUD AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE BOATHOUSE...

AND I'LL MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET!

OW! HELP!

NOW I FEEL BETTER, EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T SEND YOU TO PRISON--YET! BUT IF YOU OPEN YOUR UGLY MOUTHS, YOU'LL BE BEHIND BARS SO FAST THE WARDEN WON'T HAVE TIME TO COUNT YOU!

YOU KNOW WE WON'T TALK IF YOU LAY OFF - AND THAT MEANS, CLEAR OUT AND STAY OUT!

ONCE OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, HOWEVER, **SUPERMAN'S** BROAD SHOULDERS SAG AND LINES OF WORRY CREASE HIS FOREHEAD..

("--WHAT SHOULD I DO? FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND! IT CERTAINLY ISN'T JUSTICE TO LET THOSE SKUNKS GO ON BREAKING THE LAW...")

("--BUT NEITHER WOULD IT BE JUSTICE TO CAUSE THE DEATH OF A FINE OLD MAN AND RUIN A BOY'S LIFE BECAUSE OF THE ROTTEN THING THEY'VE DONE!--")

WAIT A MINUTE! ARE WE GETTING THIS STRAIGHT? HAS **SUPERMAN** BEEN FORCED INTO A POSITION WHERE HE IS POWERLESS TO HALT THE OPERATIONS OF CROOKS-- AND WHERE THEY CAN DICTATE TERMS TO HIM? ... PERHAPS WE'D BETTER START AT THE VERY BEGINNING...

THE BEGINNING WAS FOUR YEARS AGO WHEN A BLIND MAN AND CAREFREE BOY OF FIVE STROLLED HAPPILY BESIDE A RAIN-SWOLLEN STREAM...
GRANDPA, DID YOU EVER WISH YOU WERE A PIRATE?
YOU BET I DID, JACKIE, SEVENTY AND MORE YEARS AGO!.. AND I'VE BEEN CALLED A PIRATE SINCE BY SOME WHO ENVIED ME THE MONEY I'VE MADE!
ABRUPTLY...
BUT YOU NEVER MADE PEOPLE WALK THE PLANK, DID YOU?... OOPS!.. HELP ME, GRANDPA!
JACKIE!.. JACKIE!
WHAT CAN A BLIND MAN DO WHEN FATE STABS CRUELLY OUT OF THE SURROUNDING BLACKNESS?.. HE CAN ONLY GROPE AND HOPE..
HELP! (BLUB) I-I'M GOING OVER THE FALLS!
JACKIE! WHERE ARE YOU?
THERE WAS A GARDENER NEAR.. HE HEARD THE CRIES AND SAVED A LIFE...
EASY, MR. BARNETT! I'VE GOT YE!
NEVER MIND ME! GET JACKIE!
YOU CAN READ FOR YOURSELF WHAT THE NEXT DAY'S PAPERS SAID...
RA DAILY P
SUNDAY EDITI
BARNETT'S GRANDSON, HEIR TO $8,000,000, DROWNED IN STREAM!
CHILD SWEPT OVER WATERFALL AS BLIND GRANDFATHER FIGHTS TORRENT
BUT AN OLD MAN'S LOVE FOR A GRANDCHILD IS A STUBBORN THING, AND WILL NOT LISTEN TO REASON...
THEY DRAGGED THE STREAM... THEY SEARCHED THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE.. THERE ISN'T A CHANCE THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE!
I TELL YOU, ANNISTER, I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT! WHY IF JACKIE WERE DEAD, THEY'D HAVE FOUND HIS BODY...
AS MY LAWYER, I WANT YOU TO OFFER A REWARD OF A MILLION DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO FINDS JACKIE LIVING AND BRINGS HIM HOME!
A MILLION!.. ER--WELL, JUST AS YOU SAY..
3
CIGARS
FOUR YEARS.. AND THEN ONE DAY A SENSATIONAL NEWS FLASH REACHES THE PLANET NEWSROOM...
LOIS! CLARK! JOHN BARNETT'S GRANDSON IS BACK, AND SOMEONE IS CLAIMING THE MILLION-DOLLAR REWARD! GET OUT THERE RIGHT AWAY!
BARNETT?.. OH -- THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS DROWNED!
OR WASN'T DROWNED, IF HE'S HOME AGAIN ...LET'S GO!
ARCHIVE

THINK OF IT-- A MILLION DOLLARS FOR SOMEONE!
I'M THINKING OF IT LOIS! IT'S A NICE ROUND SUM!
IN FRONT OF THE BARNETT MANSION, A BASHFUL, FRECKLED LAD OF NINE POSES FOR THE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS BESIDE THE OLD MAN WHO CANNOT SEE HIM...
HOW ABOUT A BIG GRIN, JACKIE?
BARNETT LOOKS TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER!
WELL, THAT YOUNGSTER HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN HIS LIFE!
WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU FELL IN THE RIVER?
GEE, I DON'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT IT! BACK HOME THEY TELL ME I GOT A BUMP ON THE HEAD, AN' SOMETIMES THAT MAKES YA FORGET!
OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T REMEMBER! HE WAS ONLY A LITTLE SHAVER OF FIVE--AND NOW HE'S PRACTICALLY GROWN UP!
JACKIE, ARE YOU GLAD TO BE HOME AGAIN?
I--I GUESS SO! MR. BARNETT--GRANDPA--SEEMS AWFUL NICE, AND THIS IS SURE SOME PRETTY PLACE!
LET'S NOT PLAGUE THE BOY WITH QUESTIONS.. COME ON JACKIE - WE'LL TAKE A NICE, LONG WALK!
HE INJURED HIS HEAD WHEN HE WENT OVER THE WATERFALL.. WHEN HE WAS WASHED ASHORE, HE STUMBLED BLINDLY TO A CABIN IN THE WOODS. THE PEOPLE THERE COULDN'T READ OR WRITE, AND NEVER KNEW ABOUT JACKIE BARNETT'S DISAPPEARANCE...
CLARK'S KEEN EYE SPIES A FURTIVE FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE...
JUST YESTERDAY A FRIEND OF MINE, TRAVELING IN THE VICINITY, SAW THE BOY AND REALIZED HE ANSWERED JACKIE'S GENERAL DESCRIPTION! QUESTIONING SOON BROUGHT OUT THE FACTS ABOUT HIS PRESENCE THERE! IT ALL JIBED!
(:= THAT FELLOW ENTERING THE BOATHOUSE IS FERRET FALVEY, AN UNDERWORLD RAT IF THERE EVER WAS ONE! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?-=)
THIS MAKES A DANDY STORY, MR. ANNISTER! ... CLARK. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THOUGHT I'D LOOK THE PLACE OVER.. GET SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THE STORY, YOU KNOW!
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ONCE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GROVE, X-RAY EYES PIERCE THE WALLS OF THE BOATHOUSE, AND...
("--FERRET...AND ROSCOE RINGER ... AND SPARKS BARRON, THE UNDERWORLD GANG BOSS!.. AND THERE ARE TOMMY GUNS AND PISTOLS IN THOSE BOXES THEY'RE LOADING ABOARD THE BOAT!--")
INSIDE THE BOATHOUSE...
THIS THE SWEETEST RACKET WE'VE HAD YET! WE HIJACK TRUCKS LEAVIN' ARMS FACTORIES AN' SELL DA GUNS TO HOT SHOTS IN DA UNDERWORLD!
AN' WE GOT A POIFECT HIDEOUT HERE, AT DA JOINT OF A GUY SO RICH NOBODY WOULD EVER SUSPECT NOTHIN' WRONG, AN' SO BLIND HE CAN'T SEE A TING!
ALL WE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT IS GETTIN' DIS JUNK LOADED AN' DOWN TO DA CITY!
ABRUPTLY...
SUPERMAN!
YO, HO, HO-- AND A TRIO OF RATS!
YIIII! ME TOE!
GO AHEAD, SPARKS-- SHOOT!
NIX! I AIN'T WASTIN' AMMUNITION! I KNOW BULLETS CAN'T HURT YA! BUT YA AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS BREAKIN' IN HERE! WE RENT DIS JERNT LIKE HONEST BUSINESSMEN!
BEAT IT OR WE'LL HAVE DA LAW ON YA!
THE NEXT MOMENT...
GENTLEMEN-- GENTLEMEN! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T SETTLE THIS ARGUMENT WITHOUT UNDUE VIOLENCE!
GO AHEAD, ANNISTER-- TELL HIM HE AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT HERE!
GUESS I SHOULD HAVE SAID, A QUARTET OF RATS!
IT'S TRUE WE'RE ENGAGED IN THE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY OF STEALING ARMS AND SMUGGLING THEM TO MOBSTERS, SUPERMAN-- BUT I THINK I CAN CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU SHOULDN'T INTERFERE!
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE TO SPEAK YOUR PIECE, AND THEN I'LL SPEAK MINE-WITH GESTURES!
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IN THE MEANTIME, THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED JACKIE IS VIEWING HIS NEW HOME . . .
GEE--ANOTHER PLAYHOUSE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO EXPLORE THE WHOLE PLACE! IT'S--IT'S LIKE A DREAM!
GO AHEAD, JACKIE! YOU NEEDN'T WAIT FOR AN OLD MAN LIKE ME! I CAN FIND MY WAY BACK TO THE HOUSE ALONE!
OH, BOY! I WON'T BE LONG, GRANDPA!
JUST BE CAREFUL OF THE RIVER, JACKIE--VERY, VERY CAREFUL!
A BOATHOUSE! GOLLY--IF THERE'S BOATS INSIDE, I CAN PLAY PIRATE!
("--HUH?..VOICES... MAYBE I SHOULDN'T GO BUSTIN' IN WITHOUT LISTENIN' AN' MAKIN' SURE REAL PIRATES HAVEN'T GOT HERE FIRST!--")
GO ON--WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I SHOULDN'T INTERFERE?
JUST THIS, SUPERMAN--IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF BARNETT'S HEART WERE BROKEN AGAIN, WOULDN'T IT? I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE SHOCK WOULD BE FATAL...
("--HE'S CALLIN SOMEBODY SUPERMAN ... BUT MAYBE HE'S ONLY KIDDIN'--")
IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF KIDNAPING THAT BOY--
KIDNAP HIM? NOTHING SO CRUDE! ALL WE WOULD HAVE TO DO IS TELL THE TRUTH...
YOU SEE, THE KID ISN'T JACKIE BARNETT AT ALL! HE'S AN ORPHAN BRAT SOME-ER-FRIENDS OF MINE PICKED UP, SO THEY COULD COLLECT THE MILLION-DOLLAR REWARD! WE COOKED UP THE WHOLE STORY SO IT JELLED!
WHAT?
("--WHAT'S HE SAYIN'? I AIN'T REALLY GRANDPA'S KID AT ALL?--WHY, THEN, I DON'T BELONG HERE!--")
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! I DON'T DESERVE A SWELL PLACE LIKE THIS! THAT LAWYER TRICKED A NICE OLD BLIND MAN--BUT NOW I GOTTA SPOIL HIS TRICK!
I'LL GO AWAY (SOB)... MAYBE IF I TELL 'EM I'M OLDER'N NINE, I CAN JOIN THE NAVY (SOB)...
6

LOOK OUT, "JACKIE!" REMEMBER WHAT GRANDPA SAID ABOUT THE RIVER?..
I GOTTA CUT OUT THIS BAWLIN' (SOB)... FOLKS'LL JUST LAUGH AT ME IF THEY SEE I'M A CRY-BABY (SOB)..
TOO LATE!
WHA--? I'M FALLIN'!.. HELP!
SWIFT AND RELENTLESS AS FATE, THE SWIRLING WATER SWEEPS ANOTHER LAD OVER THE FALLS TOWARD THE WAITING, SHARK-TOOTHED ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM!
HELP!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BOAT-HOUSE...
IT WAS EASY. WE WAITED FOUR YEARS TO FIND ANOTHER KID... THE OLD MAN IS BLIND AND WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE--AND NEITHER WILL THE KID, IF NOBODY TELLS HIM! SO FAR, EVERY-BODY'S HAPPY!
THERE'S MORE TO YOUR DIRTY GAME THAN THAT! WHEN BARNETT DIES, THE BOY WILL INHERIT THE ES-TATE, AND YOU'LL CONTINUE TO ADMINISTER IT, AS YOU DO NOW...
...AND YOU'LL SPEND THE MONEY AS YOU PLEASE--AND SCARE THE YOUNGSTER INTO LET-TING YOU BY TELLING HIM YOU'LL SEND HIM TO PRISON IF HE DOESN'T! WHY, I OUGHT TOO--
REMEMBER, SUPERMAN, IF YOU SPOIL THINGS NOW, I'LL TELL THE TRUTH! THE SHOCK WILL KILL BARNETT--AND FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU'LL HAVE CAUSED A HUMAN BEING TO LOSE HIS LIFE!
HA, HA! YOU'VE FINALLY RUN INTO A SMARTER MAN THAN YOUR-SELF--AND YOU CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT!
I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR THE PRES-ENT, BUT WHEN I COME BACK-- LOOK OUT!
IT IS AT THIS INSTANT THAT "JACKIE'S" LAST FEEBLE CRY IS HURLED AGAINST THE ROARING OF THE WATERFALL-- AND IS HEARD BY SUPERSENSITIVE EARS...
HELP!
WHA--? JACKIE-- GOING OVER THE FALLS!
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A SINGLE PRODIGIOUS LEAP CARRIES SUPERMAN TO THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF, TO FIND . . .
HE'S GONE! HE ISN'T IN THE WATER DOWNSTREAM, OR AMONG THE ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM! HMMM...
ONCE MORE X-RAY EYES PROBE WHERE ORDINARY EYES CANNOT SEE . . .
A GROTTO UNDER THE ROCK BED OF THE RIVER, AND A HOLE WORN THROUGH THE CEILING BY THE WATERFALL! PART OF THE WATER GOES DOWN THERE TO FORM AN UNDERGROUND STREAM!
THAT'S WHERE THE FIRST JACKIE MUST HAVE GONE--AND THE SECOND--AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!
THERE HE GOES INTO THAT TINY TUNNEL! HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE UNLESS I GET TO HIM IN A HURRY!
DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, WATER FORCING THE AIR FROM HIS LUNGS AND SHARP ROCKS BRUISING AND TEARING HIS BODY, "JACKIE IS PRACTICALLY DEAD ALREADY...
SUDDENLY...
("--THE POOR KID! BY THE LOOKS OF HIM, I MAY BE TOO LATE ALREADY!--")
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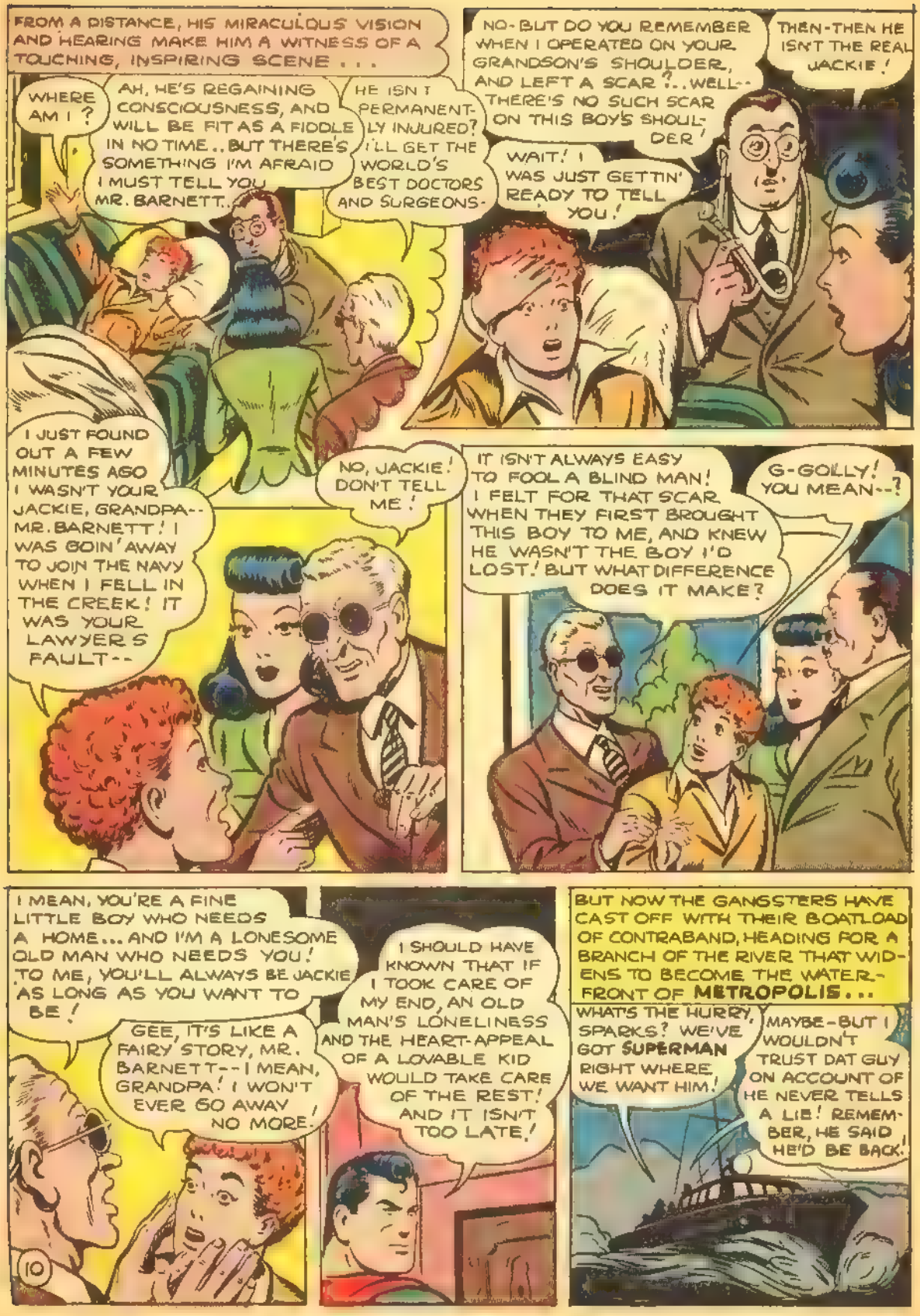
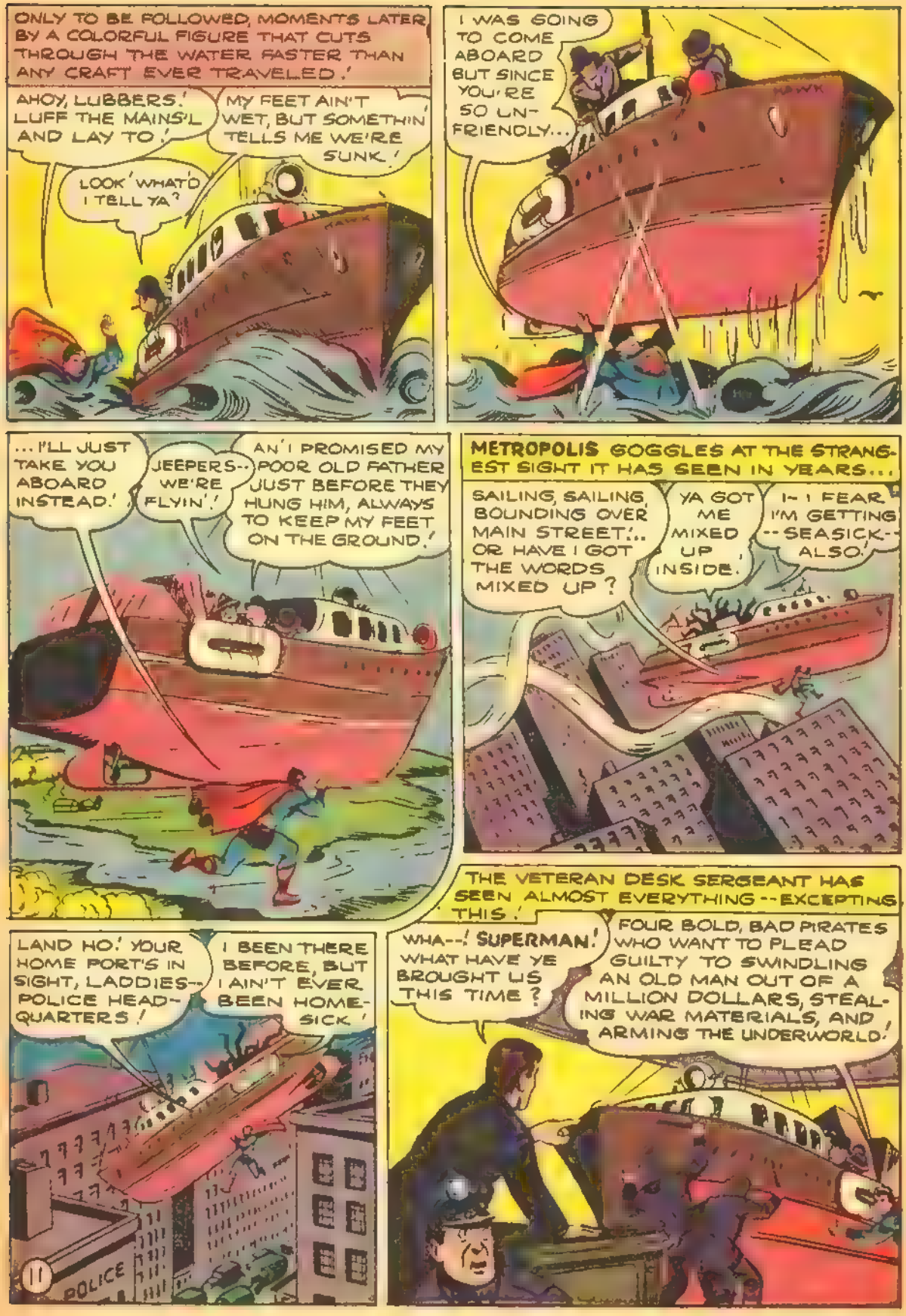
UPWARD SURGES THE MAN OF STEEL, SHATTERING SOLID ROCK WHILE HIS MASSIVE SHOULDERS SHELTER HIS FRAGILE BURDEN..
NO WONDER THE BODY OF THAT OTHER JACKIE, FOUR YEARS AGO, WAS NEVER FOUND... THIS UNDERGROUND RIVER MUST RUN RIGHT INTO THE OCEAN!
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION PUMPS WATER FROM THIS NEW "JACKIE'S" LUNGS . . .
THERE! HIS HEART IS BEATING, AND HE'S BREATHING NORMALLY AGAIN...
AND FINALLY...
SUPERMAN--AND JACKIE! OH, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POOR BOY?
JACKIE? HURT? PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME HE'S--
NO, BARNETT--DON'T BE ALARMED! HE HAD A LITTLE TUSSLE WITH THE RIVER, BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! YOU'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR TO LOOK AT THOSE BRUISES, THOUGH...
MY BOY! MY JACKIE! NOTHING MUST EVER TAKE YOU FROM ME!
HE LOVES THAT CHILD MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD! IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF ANYTHING BAD SHOULD HAPPEN, SUPERMAN!
NOTHING BAD WILL HAPPEN--NOT IF YOU CALL A DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!
THEN IT IS THAT SUPERMAN'S WRATH OVERFLOWS, AND HE STRIDES TO THE CRIMINALS' HIDEOUT...
(".. BARNETT MUST NEVER LOSE THAT BOY--EITHER BY ACCIDENT OR BY LEARNING THE TRUTH ... BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE WEASELS WHO PUT OVER THIS FRAUD SHOULD GO SCOT-FREE!--")
. . . AND IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, TURN BACK TO PAGE TWO AND SEE AGAIN THE HEARTENING SPECTACLE OF FOUR DESERVING RASCALS GETTING THE THRASHING OF THEIR LIVES!
AND AFTER THAT--REMEMBER?--SUPERMAN RETURNS TO THE HOUSE, BAFFLED AS NEVER BEFORE . . .
I'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THEM!.. HMM--QUITE A GATHERING ON THE PORCH WHERE I LEFT JACKIE...
9


FROM A DISTANCE, HIS MIRACULOUS VISION AND HEARING MAKE HIM A WITNESS OF A TOUCHING, INSPIRING SCENE . . .
WHERE AM I ?
AH, HE'S REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, AND WILL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE IN NO TIME.. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I'M AFRAID I MUST TELL YOU MR. BARNETT.
HE ISN'T PERMANENTLY INJURED? I'LL GET THE WORLD'S BEST DOCTORS AND SURGEONS-
NO-BUT DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I OPERATED ON YOUR GRANDSON'S SHOULDER, AND LEFT A SCAR ?..WELL-- THERE'S NO SUCH SCAR ON THIS BOY'S SHOULDER !
THEN-THEN HE ISN'T THE REAL JACKIE !
WAIT! I WAS JUST GETTIN' READY TO TELL YOU !
I JUST FOUND OUT A FEW MINUTES AGO I WASN'T YOUR JACKIE, GRANDPA-- MR. BARNETT ! I WAS GOIN' AWAY TO JOIN THE NAVY WHEN I FELL IN THE CREEK ! IT WAS YOUR LAWYER'S FAULT--
NO, JACKIE ! DON'T TELL ME !
IT ISN'T ALWAYS EASY TO FOOL A BLIND MAN ! I FELT FOR THAT SCAR WHEN THEY FIRST BROUGHT THIS BOY TO ME, AND KNEW HE WASN'T THE BOY I'D LOST ! BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE ?
G-GOLLY ! YOU MEAN--?
I MEAN, YOU'RE A FINE LITTLE BOY WHO NEEDS A HOME... AND I'M A LONESOME OLD MAN WHO NEEDS YOU ! TO ME, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE JACKIE, AS LONG AS YOU WANT TO BE !
GEE, IT'S LIKE A FAIRY STORY, MR. BARNETT-- I MEAN, GRANDPA ! I WON'T EVER GO AWAY NO MORE !
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT IF I TOOK CARE OF MY END, AN OLD MAN'S LONELINESS AND THE HEART-APPEAL OF A LOVABLE KID WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST ! AND IT ISN'T TOO LATE !
BUT NOW THE GANGSTERS HAVE CAST OFF WITH THEIR BOATLOAD OF CONTRABAND, HEADING FOR A BRANCH OF THE RIVER THAT WIDENS TO BECOME THE WATER-FRONT OF METROPOLIS...
WHAT'S THE HURRY, SPARKS ? WE'VE GOT SUPERMAN RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HIM !
MAYBE-BUT I WOULDN'T TRUST DAT GUY ON ACCOUNT OF HE NEVER TELLS A LIE ! REMEMBER, HE SAID HE'D BE BACK !
10


ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED, MOMENTS LATER BY A COLORFUL FIGURE THAT CUTS THROUGH THE WATER FASTER THAN ANY CRAFT EVER TRAVELED!
AHOY, LUBBERS! LUFF THE MAINS'L AND LAY TO!
MY FEET AIN'T WET, BUT SOMETHIN' TELLS ME WE'RE SUNK!
LOOK! WHAT'D I TELL YA?
I WAS GOING TO COME ABOARD BUT SINCE YOU'RE SO UN-FRIENDLY...
... I'LL JUST TAKE YOU ABOARD INSTEAD!
JEEPERS--WE'RE FLYIN'!
AN' I PROMISED MY POOR OLD FATHER JUST BEFORE THEY HUNG HIM, ALWAYS TO KEEP MY FEET ON THE GROUND!
METROPOLIS GOGGLES AT THE STRANGEST SIGHT IT HAS SEEN IN YEARS...
SAILING, SAILING, BOUNDING OVER MAIN STREET!.. OR HAVE I GOT THE WORDS MIXED UP?
YA GOT ME MIXED UP, INSIDE.
I-I FEAR I'M GETTING --SEASICK-- ALSO!
THE VETERAN DESK SERGEANT HAS SEEN ALMOST EVERYTHING--EXCEPTING THIS!
WHA--! SUPERMAN! WHAT HAVE YE BROUGHT US THIS TIME?
FOUR BOLD, BAD PIRATES WHO WANT TO PLEAD GUILTY TO SWINDLING AN OLD MAN OUT OF A MILLION DOLLARS, STEALING WAR MATERIALS, AND ARMING THE UNDERWORLD!
LAND HO! YOUR HOME PORT'S IN SIGHT, LADDIES--POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
I BEEN THERE BEFORE, BUT I AIN'T EVER BEEN HOMESICK!
POLICE

BON VOYAGE!
BUM VOYAGE, HE SAYS-AS IF WE WAS GOIN' ANYPLACE!
AN' SO YE ARE, MATIES--FOR ABOUT THIRTY YEARS TO LIFE!
HAWK
DARTING BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES, THE MAN OF TOMORROW ONCE MORE BECOMES PLAIN CLARK KENT, REPORTER...
ANYWAY, THAT'S ONE PART OF THE STORY WHERE I'VE SCOOPED LOIS!
SECONDS LATER...
LOIS, YOU JUST MISSED AN EXCITING CAPTURE OF FOUR DESPERATE CRIMINALS BY SUPERMAN-
BE QUIET, CLARK! MR. BARRETT IS JUST TELLING ME SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT.
YOU SAY, YOU'RE GOING TO ADOPT JACKIE?
YES--BUT ONLY SO THERE'LL BE NO LEGAL ENTANGLEMENTS AFTER MY DEATH. INSTEAD OF A GRANDSON, I'LL HAVE A SON--BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT...
WE REALLY DON'T CARE WHETHER WE'RE FATHER, GRANDSON, OR JUST PALS! WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, DON'T WE, JACKIE?
YOU BET, MR. BARNETT--I MEAN, GRANDPA--I MEAN, DAD!
LATER, AS CLARK AND LOIS HURRY BACK TO THE DAILY PLANET WITH THEIR THRILLING HUMAN-INTEREST STORY...
A HAPPY ENDING TO WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TRAGEDY WITHOUT SUPERMAN AROUND TO KEEP THOSE CROOKS FROM SPOILING EVERYTHING!
HOW ABOUT ME? TO HEAR YOU TALK, ANYBODY WOULD THINK SUPERMAN WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON YOU EVER MET!
WELL, ISN'T HE?
WHO AM I TO SAY?
12

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VIGILANTE
"THE SWORD OF DESTINY!"
MORT MORTON Jr. and JOE.
IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN THAT THE HOUSE OF FENG, OF HONORABLE NAME IN THE LAND OF THE LOTUS BLOSSOM, SHALL SOME DAY CEASE TO BE. YET SHALL A THING OF METAL, FORGED IN THE SHAPE OF A SWORD, BE THE GUARDIAN AND AVENGER OF THIS VENERABLE FAMILY. FOR IN A STRANGE LAND ACROSS THE SEA, THIS SWORD SHALL EXPOSE AN UNSCRUPULOUS USURPER. AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS THAT ONE CALLED VIGILANTE WILL METE OUT JUSTICE TO THE FALSE OF DARK HEART AND EVIL WAYS . . .

THE ORIGIN OF THIS STRANGE TALE, LIES DEEP IN THE SHROUDED PAST OF ANCIENT CHINA. FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A SMALL CHINESE VILLAGE RULED OVER BY THE HONORABLE HOUSE OF FENG, WAS ATTACKED BY A NEIGHBORING WAR-LORD...

BRAVELY BUT HOPELESSLY THE OUTNUMBERED TOWNSMEN FOUGHT THE INVADER...

EVEN AS CRUEL DEFEAT THREATENED THE DESPERATE DEFENDERS, THE GREAT DOORS OF THE PAGODA SLID OPEN TO REVEAL THE MANDARIN FENG!

ALL EYES BEHELD A MIRACLE AS THE BLADE IN THE HAND OF FENG FLASHED FIRE, SCATTERING THE FOE IN PANIC...

FROM THIS EVENT DATES THE FAMED LEGEND THAT WAS PASSED ON FROM FATHER TO SON: "THE HOUSE OF FENG IS TO BE GUARDED BY THIS BLADE UNTIL ITS ENEMIES ARE NO MORE." AND SO THE YEARS SLIPPED BY... BRINGING US TO PRESENT-DAY AMERICA...

IN A SUMPTUOUS HOME IN CHINATOWN...

SO--THEY'VE MANAGED TO SMUGGLE THE FENG SWORD OUT OF OCCUPIED CHINA, AND IT'S BEING SENT ON TO ME! I CAN PUT ON A SHOW WITH IT AT THE CHINESE AID RALLY! MY TRADITION LOVING COUNTRYMEN WILL DIG DEEPER INTO THE R. POCKETS!

SOME DAYS LATER, STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, PAUSES TO READ A CIRCULAR...

GREAT GALLOPIN' GARTER SNAKES, THE FENG SWORD, SYMBOL OF CHINA'S ULTIMATE VICTORY, IS GONNA BE EXHIBITED AT THE WAR RALLY TONIGHT! MY GRANDFATHER USED TO TELL ME ABOUT IT--AN' I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A FAIRY TALE! GUESS I'LL GO SEE IT!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE RALLY...

CHINATOWN TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THE LAST OF THE FENGS WITH THIS PLAQUE ON WHICH TO HANG THE ESTEEMED SWORD OF YOUR VENERABLE FAMILY!

THIS HUMBLE ONE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES YOUR GIFT!

I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT THE ENEMIES OF THE HOUSE OF FENG ARE THE ENEMIES OF ALL CHINA.
THE HOUSE OF FENG IS TO BE GUARDED BY THIS BLADE UNTIL ITS ENEMIES ARE NO MORE
HANGING IN MY HOME, IT SHALL BE A PROMISE TO ME OF CHINA'S ULTIMATE VICTORY OVER THE JAPANESE INVADER AND ALL FASCISTS!
BUT AS FENG'S WORDS BRING THE FIRST RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE FROM AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE, A SUDDEN COMMOTION STARTLES THE FRONT ROW...
NO! NO! THE SWORD REVEALS A GREAT FALSEHOOD! FENG IS NOT FENG!
FENG IS NOT FENG!
STOP HIM! HE--HE'LL ASSASSINATE ME!
FENG'S CRY OF PANIC STIRS THE PRIVATE GUARD TO QUICK ACTION..
ASSASSIN! THIS'LL SOON STOP HIM!
CRACK!
-- AND THE CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCE CRUMPLES INTO YOUNG STUFF'S ARMS.
SWORD NEVER LIE-- READ... MESSAGE.. AGH--.
HEY--!
HE'S DEAD! BUT THIS IS CRAZY! HE WASN'T TRYING TO BUMP OFF ANYBODY! AND WHAT MESSAGE WAS HE TALKING ABOUT?
3

THE MEETING ENDS WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE, AND AFTERWARDS A PUZZLED STUFF WANDERS THROUGH THE CROOKED STREETS OF CHINATOWN --
IT WAS AN AWFUL MISTAKE. THE POOR GUY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A GUN. THINK I'LL VISIT FENG AND SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY...
LATER-- AT FENGS HOME--
ALAS--I CANNOT FORGIVE MYSELF. BUT FOR MY RASH WORDS HE WOULD NOW BE ALIVE. STILL, IT DID LOOK AS IF HE INTENDED TO KILL ME-- AND WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY A MESSAGE?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE SWORD--
THERES NOTHING HERE WE MUST CONCLUDE THAT THE MAN WAS HYSTERICAL.
ANYWAY I'M GONNA SEE WHAT ELSE I CAN FIND OUT...
I'LL GO SEE GREG-- MAYBE HE'LL HAVE SOME IDEAS ABOUT THIS --
BUT AN EVENING OF UNPLEASANT SURPRISES IS NOT YET OVER FOR STUFF-- SUDDENLY--
WHA...?
THIS OUGHTA TAKE CARE OF THE NOSEY BRAT!
GREETINGS FROM ME TO YOU--OOPS -- MISSED!
HAVE ONE OF MY CALLING CARDS!
OUCH-- A KID'S A KID, BUT I AIN'T PLAYIN' WITH DYNAMITE! WAIT'LL I SEE THE BOSS!
4

THE THUGS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT ...
HMMM--THAT WAS SHORT BUT NOT SWEET--THE BOSS, EH? MAYBE SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT ME TO GET TOO CURIOUS ABOUT THAT SWORD. WELL, I'LL HAVE PLENTY TO TELL THE VIGILANTE...
SOON, AT THE HOME OF GREG SANDERS WHO, WHEN HE ISN'T SINGING AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, IS USUALLY SWINGING HIS FISTS AS THAT NEMESIS OF KNAVERY, THE VIGILANTE!
-- AN' SO I GAVE 'EM A GOOD TANNING, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE WHO SET THEM ON MY TAIL!
THERE'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY QUEER GOIN' ON ALL RIGHT! I HANKER AFTER A LOOK AT THAT SWORD!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, A SPUTTERING ROAR RESOUNDS THROUGH SLEEPY CHINATOWN AS A CURIOUS COUPLE RACE TOWARD FENG'S--
FENG MIGHT BE HOLDING SOMETHING BACK! MAYBE HE SHOUTED TO GET THAT HOMBRE PLUGGED--'CAUSE HE KNEW TOO MUCH--HARD TO BELIEVE, THOUGH...
AT FENG'S, STARTLING NEWS GREETS OUR HEROES --
VIGILANTE! SATISFACTION OVERCOMES SURPRISE AT YOUR PRESENCE! PERHAPS YOU CAN FIND THE CRIMINALS WHO ABDUCTED THE FENG SWORD!
WHAT? THE SWORD STOLEN?
THE POLICE HAVE ALREADY BEEN HERE--THE THIEVES LEFT NOT A TRACE--AND ALL THE WHILE I WAS ONLY IN THE NEXT ROOM!
HMM.. WHAT GOOD WOULD THE SWORD DO ANYONE?
I CAN'T FIGURE WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT THE SWORD EITHER. IT'S ONLY VALUABLE BECAUSE OF ITS HISTORY!
MAYBE THE ANSWER IS TIED UP WITH THOSE THUGS WHO ATTACKED YOU!
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL--THAT FELLOW THERE! HE'S ONE OF THEM.
HE IS? C'MON, WE'RE IN LUCK.
HURRY--CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY.
WE WON'T--BUT TAKE IT EASY! MAYBE IF WE PRETEND TO LOSE HIM, HE'LL LEAD US SOMEWHERE!
5

HE WENT IN HERE!
NOT SO GOOD. HE MIGHT HAVE GONE INTO ANY ONE OF TWENTY APARTMENTS! BUT LET'S TRY!
FRUIT
DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF--
LOOKS LIKE THE GOPHER HAS RUN INTO HIS HOLE.
LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE?
I WAS BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND HIM.
OKAY.. LET'S GIVE 'EM A RECEPTION!
NOW, THAT'S RIGHT NICE OF YOU BOYS!
BUT LET'S NOT HAVE ANY FIREWORKS! THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS.
HEY!
I LIKE TO MAKE ONE PUNCH DO THE WORK OF TWO!
BLACKOUT FOR A YELLOW-BELLY.
5

LOOK AT 'EM RUN LIKE SCARED MICE ARE WE GONNA LET 'EM GET AWAY?
FOR THE TIME BEING I WANT A LOOK IN THAT APARTMENT-- THEY MAY HAVE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND IN THEIR HURRY--
THE SWORD!
BY THE GREAT HORN-SPOON. SURE ENOUGH!
SOMEBODY IS SURE CURIOUS ABOUT SOME MESSAGE ON THIS SWORD. I CAN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER REASON FOR STEALING IT. BUT I'LL BE A JACK-RABBIT'S UNCLE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING--ANYWAY FENG'LL BE GLAD TO GET IT BACK...
AND SO-- BACK TO FENG'S SUMPTUOUS HOME...
THE PLACE IS DARK!
SOMETHING MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM! LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN-SIDE--THROUGH THE WINDOW--
NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE-MAY-BE HE JUST STEPPED OUT--
MAY AS WELL PUT THE SWORD BACK--
FENG'LL BE MIGHTY SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS HIS SWORD HAS BEEN RETURNED--
THE HOUSE OF FENG IS NO MORE
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO WAIT AROUND AND-- SAY-- LOOK-- I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I THINK I'VE GOT IT
GOT WHAT?
THE MESSAGE! THERE IT IS THE THING THAT EXCITED THAT SUPERSTITIOUS CHINESE IN THE THEATER TONIGHT WHEN THE SWORD IS HUNG ON THE PLAQUE THE ONLY WORDS YOU CAN SEE ARE-- "THE HOUSE OF FENG IS NO MORE!!"
THE HOUSE OF FENG IS
NO MORE

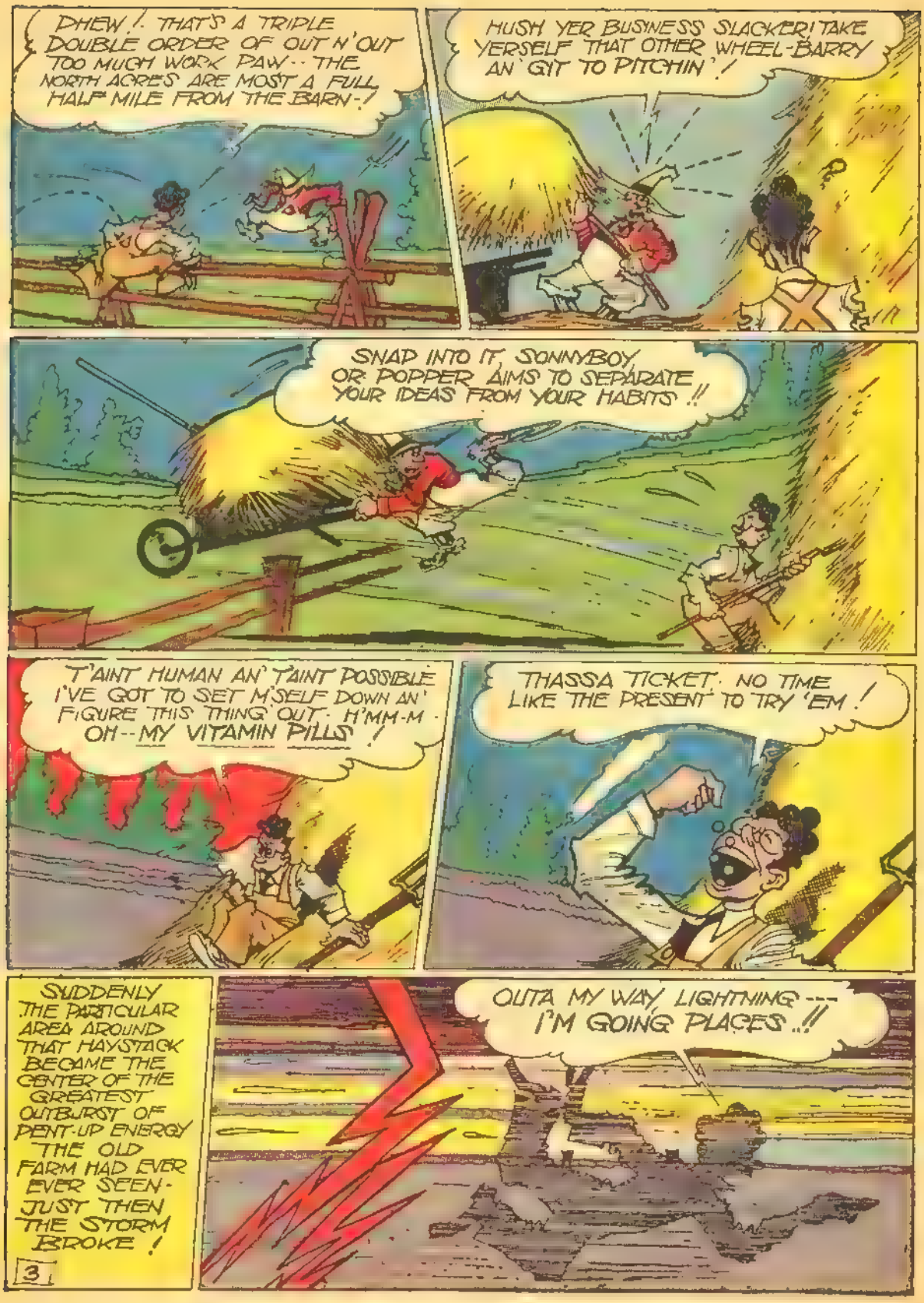
SO WHAT? SO THIS IF THE HOUSE OF FENG IS NO MORE, THEN FENG IS NOT FENG THAT CHINESE CHAP BELIEVED SO STRONGLY IN THE MIRACULOUS POWERS OF THE SWORD THAT HE READ A MESSAGE INTO A MERE ACCIDENT AND TRIED TO EXPOSE THE MAN HE THOUGHT WAS--
IT IS JUST AT THIS MOMENT THAT A LISTENING EAR CATCHES PART OF A SENTENCE..
--A PHONEY POSING AS THE REAL FENG!
VIGILANTE! AND HE KNOWS. HE MUST HAVE FOUND SOME MESSAGE ON THE SWORD! I SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT INSTEAD OF PRETENDING IT WAS STOLEN!
FORTUNATELY WE'RE IN TIME TO PREVENT HIM FROM BETRAYING ME!
OH-HH--!
CHUNK!
AND LATER, AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE HELPLESS PAIR--
--AND SINCE IT IS OVER TWENTY YEARS SINCE I PUSHED FENG OVERBOARD ON THE WAY TO AMERICA AND STEPPED INTO HIS SHOES, I'M CURIOUS TO LEARN HOW YOU DISCOVERED IT!
I DIDN'T--YOU MUST HAVE LISTENED IN ON ONLY THE LAST PART OF WHAT I SAID!
BUT I KNOW NOW AND IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! YOU THOUGHT THAT FELLOW IN THE THEATER TONIGHT KNEW SOMETHING TOO, SO YOU YELLED "ASSASSIN"; SURE THAT THE GUARD WOULD KILL HIM! MIRACLE OR ACCIDENT, THOUGH, THE SWORD CERTAINLY TOLD THE TRUTH!
IT DOESN'T MATTER! I AM GOING TO GET RID OF YOU!
FOR MANY YEARS NOW FENG'S NAME HAS BROUGHT ME HONOR AND SECURITY, BUT NOW, I MAY AS WELL HELP MYSELF TO ALL THE FUNDS OF THE CHINESE AID SOCIETY AND TAKE A VACATION!
8

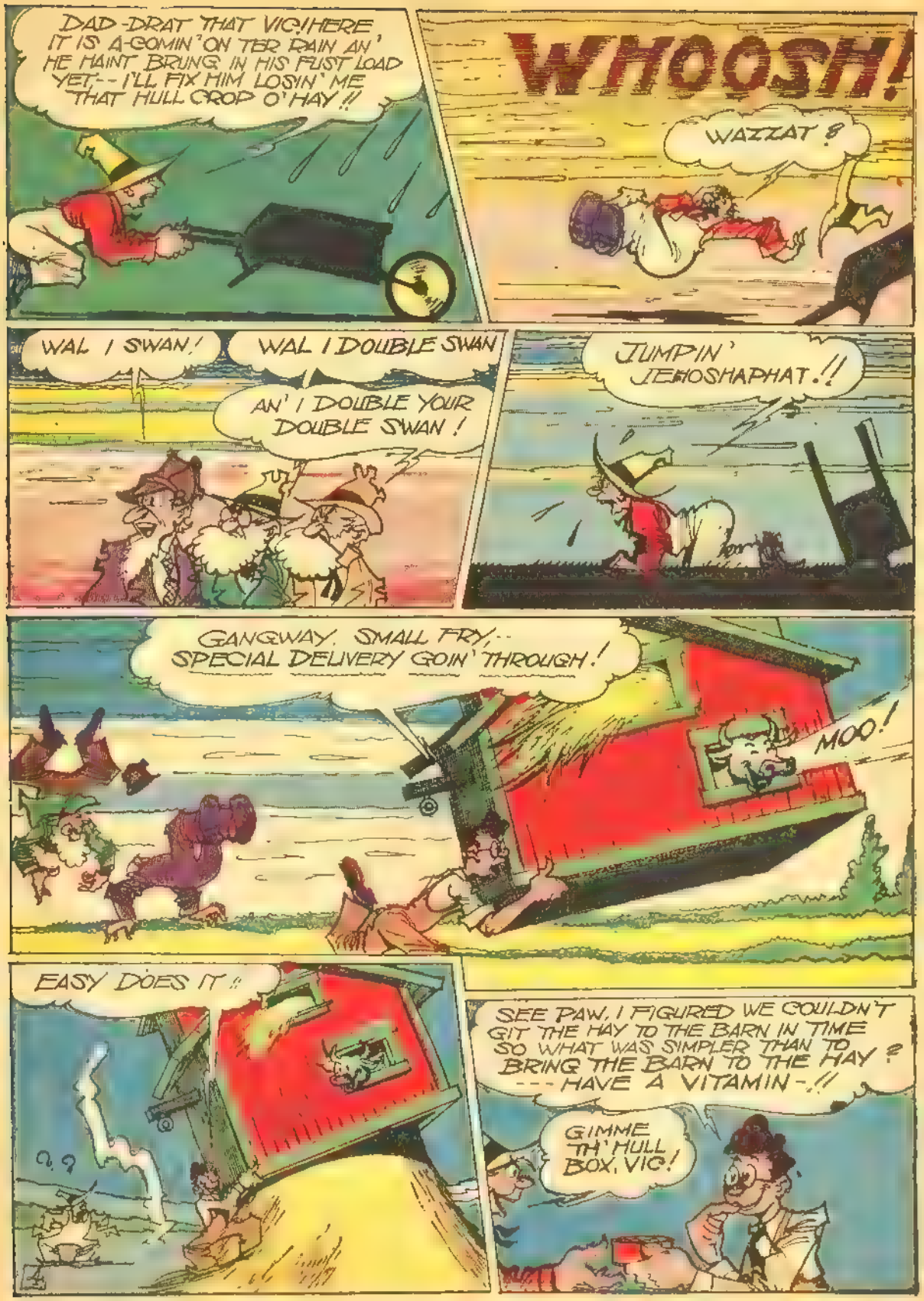
BEFORE I GO, I'LL MAKE SURE OF YOUR SILENCE! ALL RIGHT, SLAPSY-- WHEN I REACH THE DOOR, LET 'EM HAVE IT.!
WITH PLEASURE, BOSS!
BUT PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL AS FENG STUMBLES ON THE VIGILANTE'S ROPE...
FAREWELL, VIGILANTE, AND--
OOPS!
THE CRASH SHAKES THE ROOM, JARRING THE SWORD FROM ITS PLAQUE--
VIG--LOOK OUT!
'TS ENEMY NO MORE!
CRASH
AND THEN--MIRACLE OR ACCIDENT?--THE SHARP EDGE CUTS THROUGH THE VIGILANTE'S BONDS...
INSTANTLY, TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND TO FORTUNE'S FAVORING FREAK--
--AND NOW THAT I'VE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH ROPE--
OOF--QUICK--SLAPSY, FIRE!
SURE--FIRE AWAY, PARDNER! HERE'S A GOOD TARGET FOR YOU! UNLESS YOU'D RATHER DROP THAT TOY AND SAVE FENG'S NECK!
G-GASP--CHOKE,--D-DON'T SHOOT! D-DO AS HE SAYS!
9

HOLD ON, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
B-BUT-- THEY'RE RUNNING OFF WITH THE MONEY!
DON'T WORRY--YOU JUST LIE STILL WHILE I TAKE CARE OF YOUR PALS!
WE BETTER MOVE FAST-- BEFORE THE VIG GETS LOOSE!
WE GHOULDA SHOT HIM— AND FENG TOO!
LOOKS AS IF YOU GUYS HAVE JUST ABOUT REACHED THE END OF MY ROPE!
LATER--AFTER FENG AND HIS TRIO OF TROUBLE MAKERS ARE DEPOSITED BEHIND BARS--
BUT HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO GET WISE TO FENG?
A LITTLE SWORD TOLD ME!
NEXT DAY--
STRANGE THING ABOUT THAT SWORD, STUFF-- IT WAS THE GUARDIAN OF THE FENG FAMILY, AND-- WELL, SOMETIMES IT'S KIND OF HARD TO BELIEVE IN ACCIDENTS--
I GUESS IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT---
UNFORTUNATELY, THIS STORY MUST END WITH THAT QUESTION UNSOLVED. WE LEAVE IT UP TO YOU-- WAS IT A SERIES OF ACCIDENTS THAT BROUGHT THE FALSE FENG TO HIS DOOM, OR DID THE ANCIENT SWORD REALLY HAVE MIRACULOUS POWERS
?
10

VITAMIN VIC.
VIT. G
VIT A
VIT. A-1
VIT B-1
VIT C.
VIT E
FOLKS, MEET VIC WIGGINS,--- IN THIS SHORT INTRODUCTORY TALE WE SHOW YOU HOW VIC TRANSFERRED THE "T" IN VITAMINS TO VICTORY ——.
ARE YOU GETTING SUFFICIENT VITAMINS TO KEEP YOURSELF HALF AWAKE ONE FIFTH OF THE TIME? ---BE HONEST NOW, ARE YOU-? IF NOT TRY A TASTY HANDFUL OF AUNT VIOLA'S VALIANT VITAMINS TO-DAY!
VITAMINS ARE ALSO CHOCK FULL OF PHOSPHOROUS IRON - CALCIUM & WHATEVER ELSE IT TAKES TO KEEP YOU WAY UP FRONT IN ANY AND ALL KINDS OF TRAFFIC - LOAD UP TO-DAY!
HOT PUPPIES! THAT'S EGGSACTLY WHAT I NEED!--I HAVEN'T GOT THE 'PEP' OF A FOURTH-RATE DROOP AND MEBBE VITAMINS IS JUST WHAT I DON'T GET HALF ENOUGH OF!

I DIDN'T MAJOR IN CHEMISTRY AT SCHOOL FOR NOTHING EITHER. IF THAT OL' AUNT VIOLA CAN DISH 'EM OUT, SO KIN I,-- I'VE GOT THE RECIPE AND I'LL ROLL MY OWN !
VICS PRIVATE LABORATORY KEEP OUT.
I'VE GOT ALL THE INGREDIENTS AND I'LL JUST TOSS IN A FEW OF MY OWN FOR GOOD MEASURE !
FINISHED !-- NOW I'LL SQUEEZE 'EM DOWN TO TABLET SIZE AND FILL ME A BOX OF 'EM !
VICTOR ! GIT ALONG OUT HERE AT ONCE THERE'S A HEAP O' WORK TO BE DONE--- AND QUICK !!
OKAY, PAW !
DON'T OKAY ME, GIT INTO YO' OVERALLS, LAZYBONES, LET'S GIT GOIN' !
AND LEAVE ALL YOUR SHIFTLESS HABITS BEHIND -- IT'S COMIN' ON TO RAIN ANY MINUTE NOW !
--AND I AIM TO GET ALL OF THAT HAY UP ON THE NORTH ACRES INTO THE BARN BEFORE THE STORM !
ALL OF IT ? THAT'S A MAN'S SIZE DISH !
2


PHEW!. THAT'S A TRIPLE DOUBLE ORDER OF OUT N' OUT TOO MUCH WORK PAW -- THE NORTH ACRES ARE MOST A FULL HALF MILE FROM THE BARN-!
HUSH YER BUSINESS SLACKER! TAKE YERSELF THAT OTHER WHEEL-BARRY AN' GIT TO PITCHIN'!
SNAP INTO IT, SONNYBOY, OR POPPER AIMS TO SEPARATE YOUR IDEAS FROM YOUR HABITS!!
T'AINT HUMAN AN' T'AINT POSSIBLE I'VE GOT TO SET M'SELF DOWN AN' FIGURE THIS THING OUT. H'MM-M - OH -- MY VITAMIN PILLS!
THASSA TICKET. NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO TRY 'EM!
SUDDENLY THE PARTICULAR AREA AROUND THAT HAYSTACK BECAME THE CENTER OF THE GREATEST OUTBURST OF PENT-UP ENERGY THE OLD FARM HAD EVER EVER SEEN - JUST THEN THE STORM BROKE!
OUTA MY WAY, LIGHTNING --- I'M GOING PLACES..!!
3


DAD-DRAT THAT VIC! HERE IT IS A-COMIN' ON TER RAIN AN' HE HAINT BRUNG IN HIS FUST LOAD YET,-- I'LL FIX HIM LOSIN' ME THAT HULL CROP O' HAY !!
WHOOSH!
WAZZAT ?
WAL I SWAN!
WAL I DOUBLE SWAN
AN' I DOUBLE YOUR DOUBLE SWAN !
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT.!!
GANGWAY, SMALL FRY,-- SPECIAL DELIVERY GOIN' THROUGH!
MOO!
EASY DOES IT !!
SEE PAW, I FIGURED WE COULDN'T GIT THE HAY TO THE BARN IN TIME SO WHAT WAS SIMPLER THAN TO BRING THE BARN TO THE HAY ? --- HAVE A VITAMIN -.!!
GIMME TH' HULL BOX, VIC!

CONGO BILL
WEIRD AS ANY MYSTERY OF THE DARK, CREEPER-FESTOONED LANES OF THE JUNGLE IS THE GHOUL-HAUNTED FOREST OF MYSTERY MOUNTAIN--UNTIL CONGO BILL UNRAVELS THE MURDEROUS THREADS OF THE DREAD PLOT BEHIND THE EERIE PHENOMENON OF...
"THE TALKING TREES!"

AS CONGO BILL HALTS IN THE HEAT OF A SCORCHING AFRICAN SUN, A FEAR-GOADED NATIVE STAGGERS INTO THE CLEARING.

CHIEF WATA!--WHAT'S WRONG?

CONGO BILL! (GASP) A THING OF HORROR! (GASP) A BLACK CURSE HAS COME UPON MY TRIBE--UPON THE VERY STONES AND WOODS (GASP) OF OUR MOUNTAIN!

DRINK FIRST--THEN TELL ME ABOUT IT!

YES, I THIRST!

AND THEN-- THE STRANGEST OF ALL THE STRANGE TALES BILL HAS EVER HEARD!
O CONGO BILL, OUR TREES ARE BEWITCHED WITH HUMAN VOICES! THEY MOAN AND SHRIEK, AND TELL MY PEOPLE TO LEAVE OUR JUNGLE... THE ROCKS, TOO, SPEAK..! WE HAVE FLED IN FEAR, AND I HAVE COME HERE TO SEEK COUNSEL FROM THE SPIRIT DOCTOR...
BUT AFTER WATA HAS TOLD HIS STORY TO THE SPIRIT DOCTOR..
CHIEF WATA'S TALE IS OF A NEW AND FRIGHTFUL TABOO! I HAVE NO MAGIC AGAINST SUCH EVIL!
HMM... I'VE A HUNCH THIS CALLS FOR COMMON SENSE, NOT MAGIC!
YOU'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR VILLAGE, WATA, AND I'M GOING WITH YOU!
AS YOU SAY, CONGO BILL!
MANY STRUGGLING HOURS LATER...
GO SOFTLY! WE NEAR THE TALKING TREES! AT SPACED HOURS OF THE SUN THEY GIVE HIDEOUS VOICE!
SPACED PERIODS, EH? MY HUNCH IS GETTING STRONGER!
AND JUST THEN—A GIGANTIC, FEARSOME VOICE!
BACK! BACK! YE VILE HUMANS! FLEE FROM THIS ACCURSED SPOT!! BACK! BACK! FROM THIS HILL OF DEATH AND EVIL!!!
AS THE GREAT VOICE SUDDENLY CEASES...
WATA! DID YOU OR ANY OF YOUR TRIBESMEN EXAMINE THESE TREES AFTER THE VOICES STARTED COMING?
NO, CONGO BILL-- EVERYBODY TOO MUCH AFRAID!
SURE ENOUGH, HERE'S A WIRE, AND THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF OTHERS... I'LL JUST SEE WHERE THIS ONE LEADS...
2

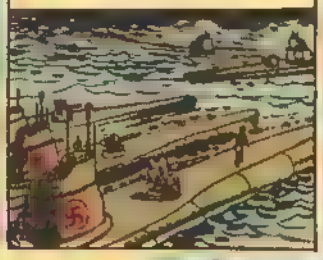
SEE, WATA? TALKING-MACHINE TALK, SAVVY? BUT ON WIRES!
IT IS GOOD! CONGO BILL HAS FOUND WHAT MAKES VOICE! NOW HE FIND OUT WHY!
AS BILL AND WATA TRACE THE LOUD-SPEAKER WIRING THROUGH THE TREES . . .
THOUGHT I HEARD A TWIG SNAP! YOU WATCH AHEAD-- I'LL FOLLOW THIS HOOK-UP!
UNEXPECTEDLY..
KAMMERAD! TO THE GREAT CONGO BILL, WE SURRENDER!
JA! YOU FROM AFAR COMING WE SEE! WE KNOW IT IS NO USE TO FIGHT!
SOMETHING VER-R-RY WHIFFY ABOUT THIS! I SMELL A TRAP!
AND SURE ENOUGH, WHEN BILL TESTS THE PATH, HE FINDS WHAT HE EXPECTS — A MAN-TRAP!
SO THAT'S IT— A PIT! WE'LL EACH GO AROUND IT, WATA, AND CAPTURE 'EM!
BUT WITH DIABOLICAL CUNNING, THE NAZIS HAVE LAID A DOUBLE TRAP!
HO! HO! THE SO SMART CONGO BILL HASS BEEN OUTSMARTED!
CONGO BILL, THE DUMMOX!
JAWOHL, KURT! NOW WE LEAVE THEM FOR THE HYENAS, NO?
BUT THE NAZIS HAVE BLUNDERED! THOUGH THE ROPES ARE THE SAME LENGTH, THE LIMB HAS PULLED WATA HIGHER, HE BEING LIGHTER! AND, AS A WIND COMES UP...
A WIND'S COMING UP, AND WHEN WE BUMP, YOUR HANDS WILL BE AT MY FEET AND YOU CAN UNTIE ME! THEN I'LL CLIMB UP AND FREE YOU.
I SAVVY, CONGO BILL!
3

NICE GOIN'. I'LL HAVE YOU DOWN PRONTO, WATA!
AND A LITTLE LATER . . .
SO THAT'S IT! NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY AROUND! A RELAY SENDING-STATION, TO GET MESSAGES TO THE SUBMARINES OFF THE WEST AFRICAN COAST, WHEN LONDON JAMS THEIR REGULAR BROADCAST!
OKAY, WATA! LET'S TAKE 'EM. THERE ARE ONLY THREE!
GOOD!
THEY MADE US HEAR VOICES! WE'LL MAKE 'EM SEE STARS!
ACH, HIMMEL! THE YANKEE BLITZ!
THIS MAKES THREE! HOPE THE REST OF THE NAZIS HEREABOUTS DON'T COME BACK TOO SOON!
SECONDS LATER . . .
NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO DO A LITTLE TREE-HAUNTING! DID YOUR PEOPLE GO VERY FAR, WATA?
NOT FAR, I THINK!
ONCE AGAIN THE DARK JUNGLE HEARS AN OMNIPRESENT VOICE!
PEOPLE OF WATA! PEOPLE OF WATA! RETURN! THE CURSE IS OFF THE JUNGLE! RETURN TO HELP CONGO BILL FIGHT AN EVIL INVADER!
WE HEAR, O VOICE!.. WE COME TO HELP CONGO BILL... WE WILL DRIVE OUT THE INVADER, O VOICE!
4

AND FROM EVERY JUNGLE BUSH AND CRANNY, HORDES OF NATIVES SWARM TO AID BILL AND THEIR CHIEF AGAINST THE NOW RETURNED NAZIS!
MAKE EVERY BLOW COUNT, MEN!
"HEEL HITLER!"
AND NOW, OBER LEUTNANT DRUMPF, YOU'LL BE SENDING NO MORE SUBMARINE MESSAGES!
SO! YOU WILL THE RADIO STATION DESTROY?
DO I LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT, HERR DRUMPF? THE STATION WILL REMAIN INTACT, AND I'LL SEND A FEW LITTLE MESSAGES OF MY OWN! HAND OVER THE CODE BOOK!
LATER...
THAT RUNNER ALL SET TO START, WATA?
HE AWAITS YOUR BIDDING, CONGO BILL!
15

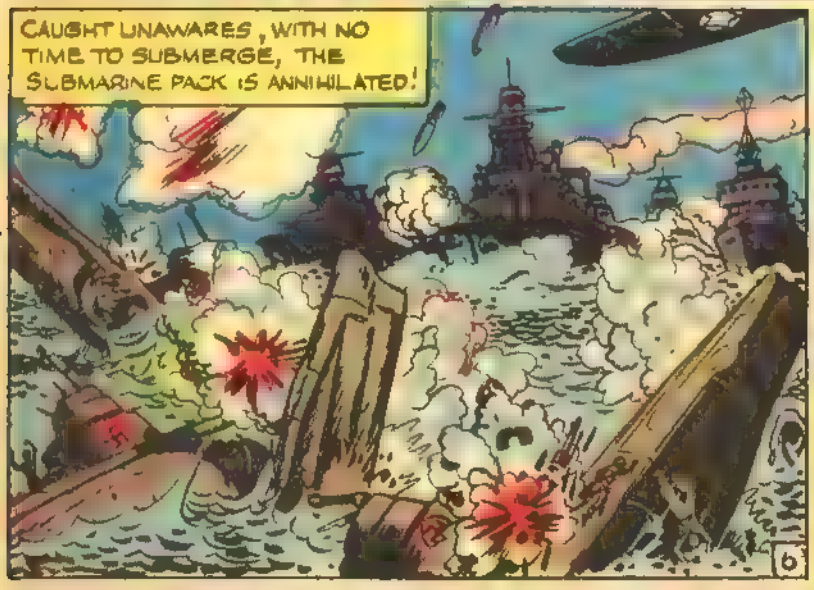
AND A JUNGLE RUNNER SPEEDS THROUGH THE DARK WET FOREST.. BEARING A MESSAGE FROM CONGO BILL TO A U.S NAVAL STATION ON THE COAST!

THEN, TWO DAYS LATER ... A DREAD SIGHT... THE GATHERING OF THE VICIOUS NAZI WOLF-PACK OF THE SEAS! BUT, UNKNOWN TO THEIR CAPTAINS, IT WAS **CONGO BILL** AND **NOT** THEIR COMMAND, WHO WIRELESSED THEM THE CODED TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING!

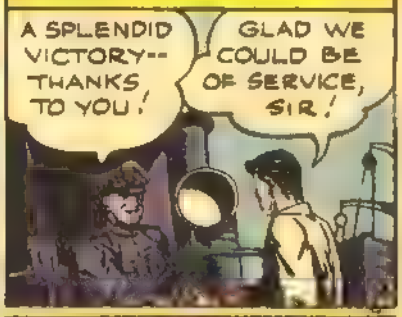


AND, ALSO UNKNOWN TO THE NAZI WOLF PACK, A MIGHTY ALLIED ARMADA, RESPONDING TO BILL'S MESSAGE, IS BEARING DOWN, FULL-DRAUGHT, UPON THEM!

CAUGHT UNAWARES, WITH NO TIME TO SUBMERGE, THE SUBMARINE PACK IS ANNIHILATED!



LATER, AT THE U. S. NAVAL STATION . . .



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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,
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(Code Pluto No. 8)

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YWL S OSJ TGFV LGVSQ!

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NAME ..... AGE. .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

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PRIVATE PETE
HENRY BOLTINOFF
HMM -- MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING THERE !
ARE YOU DOING ALL YOU CAN ?
YESSIR ! HERE'S JUST THE PLACE WHERE I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR MY COUNTRY !
YOUNG MAN, IT WAS AN HONOR TAKING CARE OF YOU -- I HOPE WE CAN SEE YOU AROUND AGAIN !
OH BOY ! THIS IS SWELL - RESPECT -- AUTHORITY !
SHOW YOUR PASS
WITH TAPS CAME NIGHTFALL AND —
PRIVATE PETE - WE DO NOT NEED AN AIR-RAID WARDEN HERE !

AMERICOMMANDO
by BERNARD BAILY
"WE AMERICANS ARE IN GOOD, BRAVE COMPANY IN THIS WAR, AND WE ARE PLAYING OUR OWN HONORABLE PART IN THE VAST COMMON EFFORT!"---
President Franklin D. Roosevelt
LIKE THE TREACHEROUS TENTACLES OF A MONSTER OCTOPUS, THE ARMIES OF JAPAN SPREAD A GRIP OF TERROR OVER THE LANDS AND THE PEOPLES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC!--- AND DEEP INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF ONE OF THOSE LANDS, BURMA, GOES AMERICA'S MASTERFUL CHAMPION OF LIBERTY--- AMERICOMMANDO--- TO BRING TO THE ENEMY A TASTE OF THE PEOPLE'S MIGHT WHEN---
"BURMA REMEMBERS!"
IN A TRANSPORT PLANE NEAR THE INDIA BURMA BORDER, AMERICOMMANDO RECEIVES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR A DANGEROUS MISSION --
UNFORTUNATELY, WE FAILED TO DESTROY EVERYTHING AS THE JAPANESE ADVANCED! NOW THEY HAVE HUGE STOCKS OF RUBBER!
THAT RUBBER CAN BE DESTROYED, IF YOU WIN THE NATIVE PEOPLE TO OUR SIDE!
THAT'S MY INTENTION!

GOOD LUCK!
HERE GOES!
LATER
DOWN TOWARD THE DENSE BURMESE JUNGLE THE AMERICOMMANDO PARACHUTES---
BURMA WAS LOST BECAUSE IT'S PEOPLE WEREN'T CONVINCED THAT WE WERE FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM -- MY MISSION ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY!
HERE'S THE VILLAGE-- B--BUT WHERE'S EVERYBODY?
TOO LATE! THE JAPANESE HAVE BEEN HERE AND DONE THEIR DIRTY WORK!
BUT SUDDENLY, A LONELY FIGURE STAGGERS INTO VIEW---
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM KUMAR! THE PRINCE OF THIS VILLAGE!
I'LL BANDAGE YOUR WOUND! WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE? WHAT HAPPENED?
I DO NOT REMEMBER!
YOU MUST REMEMBER! THE JAPANESE--- WERE THEY HERE?
AH, YES! THE JAPANESE! IT BEGINS TO COME BACK TO ME!

OUR VILLAGE WAS NOT HAPPY EVEN BEFORE THE JAPANESE INVADED US... --LIFE WAS VERY HARD FOR US....
AND WHEN THE JAPANESE ATTACKED OUR COUNTRY... ...!
WHAT CAN THE JAPANESE TAKE FROM US? WE HAVE LITTLE OF FOOD OR FREEDOM!
IT'S WISER TO MIND OUR OWN AFFAIRS!
TRUE! THIS WAR IS NOT OUR WAR!
SO WE DID NOT FIGHT WHEN THE JAPANESE CAME TO OUR VILLAGE....
FIRST, THEY PUT US TO WORK... -FOR NOTHING... ...
WE NEED MEN TO WORK THE RUBBER SUPPLIES WE HAVE CAPTURED FROM THE ENGLISH! YOUR VILLAGERS WILL DO IT!
BUT HAVE WE NO RIGHT TO BE PAID FOR OUR LABOR, CAPTAIN GATO!
THE JAPANESE ARMY NEEDS FOOD! YOU ARE ORDERED TO HAND OVER ALL THE RICE IN YOUR POSSESSION!
BEFORE THAT, WE COULD COMPLAIN TO THE AUTHORITIES --AND SOMETIMES WE GAINED BETTER TREATMENT---BUT WITH THE JAPANESE!---
YOU DARE PROTEST! THIS IS THE ANSWER OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY!
AYEE!
DESTROY THE VILLAGE! THEY ARE REBELS AGAINST THE EMPEROR! NOT ONE MUST ESCAPE ALIVE!

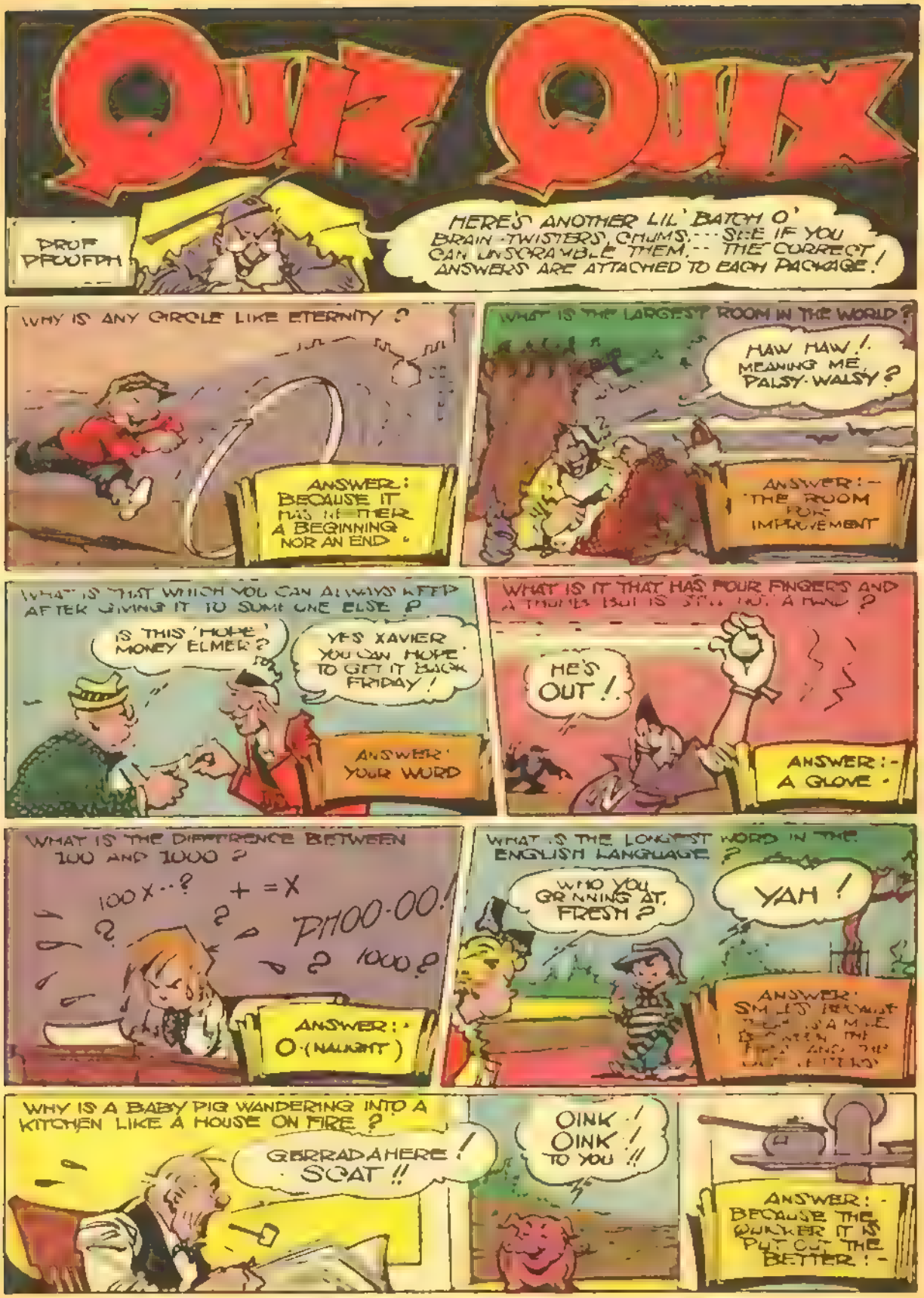
"THEY WERE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE ME AS I CRAWLED INTO THE JUNGLE..."
...MUST... HIDE...AND GET BACK MY... ...STRENGTH!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
THAT IS THE STORY, AMERICOMMANDO! NOW I KNOW THIS IS OUR WAR... ...BUT IT IS TOO LATE! MY WARRIORS HAVE BEEN MADE SLAVES BY THE JAPANESE... ...AND THE REST OF MY VILLAGERS ARE DEAD!
IT ISN'T TOO LATE! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO FIGHT THEM! LEAD ME TO THE RUBBER PLANTATION!
PRESENTLY-
THERE ARE THE RUBBER STORE-HOUSES--
GOOD! NOW GO FETCH YOUR PEOPLE! I'LL SCOUT THE ENEMY POSITION AND BE READY TO LEAD YOU WHEN YOU RETURN TO THIS SPOT!
THESE WAREHOUSES ARE BUILT LIKE FORTRESSES! IF THE JAPS GUARDING THEM COULD ONLY BE DECOYED AWAY FROM THEM!
SUDDENLY
TRAPPED BY AN ANIMAL SNARE! NOW I'M IN FOR IT!
SNAP!
WHAA...
4

MEANWHILE---
KUMAR! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
AMERCOMMANDO IS HERE AMONG US! HE WILL LEAD OUR WAR FOR FREEDOM! OVERCOME YOUR OVERSEERS AND SEIZE THEIR WEAPONS!
DEATH TO THE INVADER!
WHACK!
AGH!
THIS WAY! AMERICOMMANDO WILL LEAD US AGAINST THE STOREHOUSES WITH THEIR RUBBER!
IT'S AMERICOMMANDO!
BUT ALAS FOR KUMAR'S HOPES!
YOU HERE IN BURMA! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE IN EUROPE! WHAT A FORTUNATE CAPTURE!
THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS!
SINCE YOU ARE IN MY POWER-- I WILL RID OUR NEW ORDER OF A STUBBORN OPPONENT, AND THE EMPEROR WILL REWARD ME!
YOUR FAVORITE METHOD OF EXECUTION, ISN'T IT-- BAYONET PRACTICE ON LIVE VICTIMS!
THE NEXT MOMENT
KILL HIM!
WELL, THE WAREHOUSES ARE UNGUARDED NOW---THEY'RE ALL WATCHING MY EXECUTION-- BUT I CERTAINLY DIDN'T PLAN ON DYING! GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS-- BUT HOW?
5

WHILE AT THE PREARRANGED MEETING PLACE...
WELL, WHERE IS THIS AMERICOMMANDO YOU PROMISED WOULD LEAD US?
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! HE SAID TO JOIN HIM HERE!
LOOK! THE JAPS ARE EXECUTING SOMEONE! IT IS THE AMERICOMMANDO! HE WOULD WANT US TO DESTROY THE UNGUARDED WAREHOUSES, BUT WE MUST SAVE HIM!
ALAS! I FEAR WE WILL BE TOO LATE!
BUT AMERICOMMANDO IS STILL ALIVE—AND "KICKING"!
I DON'T DIE SO EASILY, RAT!
TO THE WAREHOUSE! WE'LL FIGHT THEM OFF FROM THERE AND CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
BUT ONE MAN'S MAD RUSH IS SUDDENLY CUT SHORT!
EEYOWEE!
THE WAREHOUSE IS AS STRONG AS A FORT! WE WILL NEVER FORCE THEM OUT!
WAIT! I THINK I CAN MANAGE IT!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
2-2-2-2-2

BUT HOW CAN YOU-- --ALONE--
JUST WATCH!
JUST LIKE THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!
THIS NEXT VINE SHOULD TAKE ME OVER!
FROM THE NEXT I'VE A STRANGE AND OF "ERJ T" DANGLES
MY KNIFE WILL MAKE UP FOR THE BAYONET'S FAILURE, AMERICAN DOG!
CAPTAIN GATO! CAUGHT BY ONE OF HIS OWN TRAPS --BUT STILL DANGEROUS!
YOUR KNIFE'S A FAILURE TOO, CAPTAIN GATO!
OOF!
AND THE NEXT INSTANT--
THESE GRENADES WILL SET THE RUBBER ON FIRE!
AND THE THICK SMOKE WILL DRIVE THE JAPS OUT INTO THE ARMS OF THE BURMESE!
7

REMEMBER WHAT THEY DID TO OUR HOMES!
KOSAN! KOSAN!
WE SURRENDER!
LATER
WE SHALL NEVER LAY DOWN OUR ARMS UNTIL ALL BURMA IS FREE!
THERE'S A LONG HARD FIGHT AHEAD!
IN THIS WAR.... AND AFTER IT IS WON--WE ARE FREE AND EQUAL ALLIES! WE MUST DO OUR PART FOR VICTORY!
YOU CAN DEPEND ON MY PEOPLE! WE ALSO WANT FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY!
BERNARD BAILY
YOU, TOO, CAN DO YOUR PART BY
BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!
Leading COMICS
LEADING No 8 NOW ON SALE!
AND WHAT AN ISSUE! THAT DIMINUTIVE RASCAL, THE DUMMY, DRAGS THE HEROES OF YOUR FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES THROUGH THE PAGES OF HISTORY IN THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE STORY YET!
AND TALK ABOUT ACTION! THIS IS LOADED WITH IT


QUIZ QUIX
PROUF PROUFFH
HERE'S ANOTHER LIL' BATCH O' BRAIN-TWISTERS, CHUMS.--- SEE IF YOU CAN UNSCRAMBLE THEM.-- THE CORRECT ANSWERS ARE ATTACHED TO EACH PACKAGE!
WHY IS ANY CIRCLE LIKE ETERNITY ?
ANSWER: BECAUSE IT HAS NEITHER A BEGINNING NOR AN END.
WHAT IS THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD ?
HAW HAW!. MEANING ME, PALSY-WALSY ?
ANSWER:- THE ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT
WHAT IS THAT WHICH YOU CAN ALWAYS KEEP AFTER GIVING IT TO SOME ONE ELSE ?
IS THIS 'HOPE' MONEY ELMER ?
YES XAVIER YOU CAN HOPE TO GET IT BACK FRIDAY!
ANSWER: YOUR WURD
WHAT IS IT THAT HAS FOUR FINGERS AND A THUMB BUT IS NOT A HAND ?
HE'S OUT!.
ANSWER:- A GLOVE.
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 100 AND 1000 ?
100 X ..? + = X
P1100-00!
1000 ?
ANSWER:- O (NAUGHT)
WHAT IS THE LONGEST WORD IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ?
WHO YOU GRINNING AT, FRESH ?
YAH !
ANSWER: SMILES BECAUSE THERE'S A MILE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND THE LAST LETTERS
WHY IS A BABY PIG WANDERING INTO A KITCHEN LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE ?
GERRADAHERE! SCOAT !!
OINK! OINK! TO YOU !!
ANSWER:- BECAUSE THE SOONER IT IS PUT OUT THE BETTER!-

MISSION OF DANGER

by Tod Lowry

AUSTERTZ was young, at least in his own mind. A man who is thirty cannot afford to be old in what the Fuehrer called "a young man's war." And because he was young, and one of the brightest graduates the secret service school back in Berlin had turned out, he had been especially chosen for this mission of danger. Now, making his way carefully into Alexandria, he congratulated himself on the effectiveness of the disguise that had enabled him to penetrate American territory without challenge.

It was a wonderful disguise. It would have taken an expert to detect the falseness of the hump on Austertz's back, to penetrate the skillful make-up of the Egyptian that rested on the Nazi spy's face. These things Austertz knew and he swelled with pride in the knowledge that he would not bring discredit to the *Vaterland*. "Or the Third Reich," he amended, recalling his party loyalties.

Oh, he owed a lot to the party. Hadn't the Gestapo taken him, a struggling young actor, and schooled him. He had been sent to that accursed America and there learned the language faultlessly. "Why," he told himself confidently, "I can even think like an American." And why not? He had appeared in their plays and done small parts in their movies. In the meantime, he had not forgotten to obtain the information after which he had been sent.

Easy? It had been very simple. Just like the Americans themselves. Only now, after that December 7th, when those little yellow monkeys—the fools, doing something Der Fuehrer would have done so much better, later!—the Americans were proving not so foolish.

That was why he was on this mission now. There were plans to be had, plans that the German High Command needed badly now that that other fellow ("No," he told himself, "I must not think of Rommel") had failed.

And so he, Austertz, had been chosen when, by a fortuitous circumstance, an American major fell into Nazi hands. A major with precious papers and a more precious uniform. Austertz's eyes narrowed as he recalled the story of the fight the accursed American had put up, trying, even though badly wounded, to destroy his papers.

Well, he hadn't. And now the Major Smith was in prison in Italy and he, Austertz, was Major Smith, miles removed from the latter's former scene of battle.

Quickly, Austertz went over in his mind his plan of action. He was to pretend amnesia, if caught. He shrugged. "Caught?" the words moved slowly from his mouth. "The Fuehrer knows that I will not be caught. A graduate of the School. Never!"

And maybe Austertz was right. So far he had gone undetected. No one suspected that beneath that false hump reposed the Major's uniform. Nor that his boots were even now on Austertz's feet.

Austertz sat down, wiped his face. The sun was blistering hot now. He studied his map, then smiled grimly. In about fifteen minutes he would be at the rendezvous, the shop of a curio dealer, in Alexandria, who was partial to the only true cause. Wearily, Austertz got to his feet, and moved northward.

A quarter of an hour later, he was in Alexandria, and though he had been prepared to see a bustling city, nevertheless, the crowded state of the town surprised him. Soldiers, sailors, marines of the United Nations were everywhere. Warships and carriers were in the harbor, and the guns and planes bristled grimly.

Austertz gasped. The High Command had said that the United Nations were in small forces here. Somewhere, something must have gone wrong. This was a formidable fighting unit, grim and determined. Austertz scratched his head, and decided perhaps it would be better not to question the wisdom of his superiors. Maybe, he thought wistfully, there was something wrong with his eyes. This *could* be camouflage!

But it wasn't. Haroun Markim the dealer, assured him everything was real. "They are going to strike strong blows, Herr Oberleutenant," he said. "Mighty blows."

Austertz wriggling into the American uniform looked at him angrily. "We shall strike the most telling blows," he said severely. "It is *verboten* for you to question our might."

"Yes, Yes, Herr Oberleutenant I am sorry." An oily smile spread over the traitor's face. "Here. Let me help you." He took the two oak leaves from Austertz's hand and pinned them on the Nazi's shirt. "Ah, but this is wonderful," he said, unctuously. "You look the real American."

There was no doubt about it. Austertz smiled at his reflection in the full-length mirror then, suddenly, he spoke in flawless English. "I wish to see Colonel Glass. You will inform him that Major Smith is here."

Haroun Markin blinked. Then he smiled again. "Perfect," he enthused. "It is perfect."

Austertz favored him with a short laugh. "You see," he said, curtly. "We of the New Order know what we are doing." He stared stonily at the curio deal-

er. "You will contact our headquarters," he said, "and inform them that I shall be starting back at,"—he looked at his watch. "040 hours." Then, "You are sure about your information?"

Haroun Markin nodded rapidly. "Positive. The Colonel Glass keeps the records in the center drawer of his desk. He is alone in his office." He shrugged. "Why, I do not know?"

"Maybe," Austertz explained, "because he likes to learn in what the Americans call the difficult way. They must learn by mistakes." His chest expanded. "We do not make mistakes," he pronounced.

"That is right, Herr Oberleutenant," Haroun Markin smiled, toothlessly, "We do not make mistakes." He held out his hand. "Good-luck."

Outside, Austertz wiped off the grimace on his face. Luck! Did not that fool Markin realize that this mission was all part of a carefully-laid plan. It was like one of those jig saw puzzles, where every piece fitted perfectly. He grunted, in just a little while these Americans would find this out.

"Just a minute, Sir!" the voice alongside Austertz was authoritative. He stiffened, stopped.

It was a soldier, tall and gangling. There was a brassard on his arm. MP.

Austertz's eyes narrowed. The military police!

He returned the soldier's salute. "Yes, what is it?"

The soldier nodded toward Austertz's shoulder. "With the Major's permission, sir, your insignia is on wrong."

"What?" Austertz craned his neck. Then, for an instant, his blood froze. That fool—that Haroun Markin—he had pinned the gold oak leaves on upside down.

Austertz snapped a look at the soldier. The man's face was unsuspecting. Austertz breathed easier, and his body relaxed. Now, more than ever, he must show his acting ability. "Why, so they are," he said. "How stupid of me. Thank you." Hastily, he righted them and said. "That is good work, Private. I must commend you."

The M.P. smiled. "Thank you, sir. And now, would the Major mind showing me his credentials."

"Not at all." Austertz handed them over. In a moment, the M.P. handed them back, smiling. "Thank you, sir. Everything's in order." He grinned. "We can't be too careful, you know, Sir."

"That's right, my boy." He stopped, looked wonderingly at the soldier who had suddenly broken into a broad smile as music came from a canteen across the street, where the Red Cross was handing out coffee and doughnuts. "What is it?"

"Nothing, sir. Sorry." The soldier was still grinning broadly. "They've got a new platter of Bing's over there. Boy, that Crosby is sure sending solid."

Austertz continued to stare. Then, something clicked in his mind. "Oh yes," he said. "Of course. They are wonderful that Salvation Army, aren't they? Giving you food that way. Platters of it—well that's fine. Beans, eh?" He saluted, then walked swiftly away.

He felt the tension leave his body as he put distance between himself and the soldier. Platters now—it was a good thing he had remembered the American idiom. He chuckled. They'd have a lot of laughs over this in Berlin when he told them.

He walked rapidly up the steps of the headquarters building, returning salutes as he entered. He gave his name to Colonel Glass' orderly and waited impatiently for the man to come out of the inner office.

"The Colonel will see you now, Major."

Confidently, Austertz went into the room. He smiled as he saw the lone man at the desk. An old man, probably a veteran of the last war.

"Yes, Major?" The Colonel looked up from his desk. "What can I do for you. I—" He stopped.

Austertz pointed the gun at him. "You will make no outcry, Colonel," he said. He moved swiftly over to the man, pressed the gun into his ribs. "I will take the plans you have in the middle drawer."

He felt the Colonel's body stiffen, heard the man gasp. Austertz' free hand bit into the Colonel's shoulder. Then he sneered. This was not the moment to dally. Like a cobra striking, his gun darted up, caught the Colonel on the side of the head. It would have been folly to risk a shot.

Without a sound, the man's body slumped into the seat.

Quickly, Austertz went through the desk. His eager eyes took in the papers and eager hands stuffed them into his tunic.

The job was done. Before this unconscious man was discovered he, Austertz, would be away free. He turned, for one last look at his victim.

And then he heard the voice. "Drop that gun!"

He whirled. His shot went wild and the next moment, Austertz, holding his shattered chest plunged to the floor.

The tall, gangling M.P. in the doorway had taken his time about firing, but his aim had been true. Behind him stood a wide-eyed aide-de-camp.

Austertz didn't lose consciousness. Later, he wished he had. For then he wouldn't have heard the explanation.

"You see, Colonel," the M.P. explained to his superior. "I stopped this man on the street. But then I thought everything was okay, and I was going about my patrol. But when I told the phony Major here that the Salvation Army canteen had some new Bing Crosby platters he thought I meant dishes of beans."

The M.P.'s face was wreathed in contempt. "Imagine an American not knowing Bing Crosby," he said, disgustedly. "That's why I got suspicious and took a chance on following him here!"

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
THE GANG OF TOUGH KIDS THAT LIVED ON TWELFTH AVENUE WERE THE SCOURGE OF THE SECTION. JUST AS THEIR OLDER BROTHERS WERE THE TERRORS OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT DOWNTOWN! THEY DEMANDED A "TAKE" ON ANYTHING THAT WENT ON AROUND THEM! BUT THEY FOUND THAT THEY WERE TAKING A LITTLE TOO MUCH —ESPECIALLY ON THE CHIN— WHEN THE MASTER MAGICIAN JOINED HANDS WITH THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS TO MAKE SURE THAT THEY'D NEVER FORGET THEIR "CIRCUS DAZE!"
GET A LOAD OF THE SISSIES! WHO TOLD THEM THEY COULD WALK ON THIS SIDEWALK!
LET'S SHOW 'EM, RIP!
HAW HAW.. YOUSE DON'T NEED NO RATIONIN' PERNTS FER DIS!
OWF.. IT'S THE TWELFTH STREET GANG, JIMMY! LET'S GET 'EM!
BULL'SEYE!

HOLD 'EM, RIP! WE'RE IN ON THIS, TOO!
YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE SO TOUGH TAKE THIS—
OWW!
BUT AGAINST A DOZEN FLYING FISTS, JIMMY AND HIS PAL FIND THEIR FOUR HANDS SOMEWHAT INADEQUATE...
FEED IT TO 'EM, GANG!
GIVE 'EM DE WOIKS!
HEY, LOOK! NINETEEN BUCKS! WE CAN HAVE A LOT OF FUN WIT' DIS!
YOU LEAVE THAT MONEY ALONE I'M BUYING A DEFENSE BOND WITH IT!
THE BIG BULLIES!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW? THEY SWIPED OUR DOUGH!
HAW, HAW! SOME HAUL, HUH, RIP?
ON ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, AT THAT SAME MOMENT, OTHER FISTS SMASH AGAINST AN HONEST JAW...
WHEN WE SAY WE WANT DOUGH, WE WANT IT!
AN' FAST, TOO! NOW—DIG IT UP!
HMM... I'LL TAKE A HAND IN THIS...
H-HERE YOU ARE...
THAT'S BETTER!
YENOM ETIB DNAH!*
OUCH!
AHH, SOMETHING I CAN GET MY TEETH INTO!
*READ IT BACKWARDS

LET ME GO!
OOF!
MIGHT AS WELL GET IN A COUPLE OF SOCKS MYSELF!
WHA-WHA'S GOIN' ON HERE...? THINGS IS JUST JUMPIN' UP AND SWINGIN' AT US!
COME TO POPPA, BABY!
THIS IS WHAT I CALL A "PINCERS" MOVEMENT!
COME BACK..
UGGGH!
OWWW!
LET'S GET OUTTA THERE!
IT AIN'T NACH'RAL FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN LIKE DAT!
ESIR OTNI RIA!
THEY'RE SCATTERING! I CAN'T FOLLOW THEM ALL, SO I'LL SELECT ONE OR TWO...
DNUORG ESIR PU!
HE'S COMIN' FOR US...
HEY, LOOK-- ZATARA! AN' HE'S CHASIN' A COUPLE OF CROOKS, I'LL BET!
OOOF! EVEN THE GROUND IS AGAINST US!
8

HEY, JOEY! LOOK WHAT ZATARA'S DOIN'! WOW!
LEMME GO LEMME GO!
OUCH! QUIT IT...
GO AHEAD TELL HIM! MAYBE HE'LL HELP US!
LET'S SEE NOW... DAER SIH DNIM! AHA! YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THAT WAR BOND YOU DIDN'T BUY...
AW, HE'S TOO BUSY!
WHY NOT STAGE A CIRCUS TO MAKE UP THE MONEY STOLEN FROM YOU? YOU COULD HAVE A DOG-FACED BOY AND A BEARDED LADY AND SO ON... AND I'LL DROP IN TO OPEN THE SHOW!
GOLLY! THAT'D BE WONDERFUL!
ON THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, JIMMY AND JOEY ARE BUSY ON MYSTERIOUS MISSIONS...
I'D SURE LIKE TA KNOW WHAT THEM KIDS IS UP TO! THEY BEEN WORKIN LIKE BEAVERS!
NOW THEY'RE PAINTIN' 'AT OL' SHACK OF THEIRS RED AND WHITE!
FINALLY THE GREAT DAY ARRIVES...
I'LL BET IT'S A SWELL SHOW INSIDE! I HEARD ZATARA WAS GONNA BE HERE—
HONEST!
GETCHA TICKETS HERE! SEE THE B.G SHOW! SEE THE TRAINED DOG! SEE THE WILDCAT! ONLY A DIME—TEN CENTS—THE TENTH PART OF DOLLAH—
AND INSIDE...
TAKE YOUR TIME FOLKS, SEE THE MARVELS OF NATURE...
EEEEK!
HEY, JIMMY—RIP AN' HIS GANG! THEY'RE HERE TO WRECK THE PLACE!
4

ONE SIDE, YA PUNK! I WANTA SEE THIS CIRCUS— FREE!
US, TOO!
HAW! HAW! WILD MAN! I'LL BET I C'N LICK THIS GUY WITH ONE HAND!
YOU LET ME ALONE.
SUDDENLY..
OH, YOU CAN, CAN YOU??
JLLP!
I'LL TEACH YOU A LITTLE MANNERS, YOU YOUNG SCAMP!
WHA-WHA'S GOIN' ON, FELLAS? AM I DREAMIN' THINGS?
ALL OVER THE CIRCUS "TENT," OTHER MIRACLES ARE HAPPENING MUCH TO THE DISMAY OF RIP NOLAN'S GANG..
YEEEOOW!
THIS W-WAS ONLY A PUSSY-CAT A MI-MIN-UTE AGO!
OWWW!
GOLLY, MR. ZATARA, YOU SURE CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME!
I PROMISED YOU I'D HELP YOU "OPEN" THE SHOW DIDN'T I? COME IN, AND LET ME SEE IT!
BAWWW! I'M GONNA TELL MY BROTHER.. BAWWW!!
5

WHERE'S CLEAVER? WHERE'S ME BROTHER?
RIGHT INSIDE, RIP
AN' THEN THIS GUY SPANKS ME! ME - CLEAVER NOLAN'S BROTHER! AN I NEVER DID NOTHIN' TO HIM, NEITHER!
HE DID, DID HE?
NOBODY TAKES A CLOUT OUT OF MY KID BROTHER! NOT WHEN CLEAVER NOLAN IS AROUND TO PROTECT HIM! GET THE GANG, RIP!
JUST SHOW THE BIG LUG TO ME, RIP! I'LL HANDLE HIM!
YEAH, AN' SOME BIG MONKEY SLAPPED ME DOWN, TOO!
HEY, YOUSE KIDS! WHERE'S THE WILDMAN THAT SOCKED MY KID BROTHER?
GOSH, ZATARA, THAT'S WONDERFUL! DO IT AGAIN, HUH?
HMM...SEEMS TO ME I'VE SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE - HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS TRYING TO FORCE PROTECTION MONEY FROM THAT DRYGOODS STORE MAN!
DID YA HEAR ME? I ASKED YA A QUESTION! WHERE'S THAT WILDMAN?
* YOU MEAN ME, MISTER?
EB NAMDLIW! EB REGIT!

BEFORE CLEAVER NOLAN'S BULGING EYES, JOHNNY GREEN GROWS TO GIANT PROPORTIONS...
YOU WERE SAYING—?
HUH? WHERE DID YOUSE COME FROM!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
OUCH!
DID YOUSE YELL, CLEAVER? IS THERE ANOTHER MOB IN HERE?
WE'LL HANDLE 'EM!
SHOW 'EM TO US!
ULP! WHERE'D THEM THINGS COME FROM?
I-I DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET NO MOB LIKE DIS!
ROOOAR!
A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, BIG BOY?
COOL OFF IN THERE!
UBBLE-GLUB-GLUBBLE...
ROOOAAR!*
* TRANSLATED, MEANS: WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND CAT-BAIT?
7

COME ON, GUYS! NOW WE GOT THESE SO-CALLED TOUGH MUGGS WHERE THEY CAN'T RUN AWAY!
WE'LL SHOW 'EM— NOW THAT THE ODDS ARE EVEN!
HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING ON THE RECEIVING END?
YEAH, YOU GUYS CAN'T DISH IT OUT SO HOT WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE ODDS WITH YOU!
OUCH! LEMME ALONE!
UP YOU GO. HEY, LOOK!
OUR NINETEEN DOLLARS! NOW WE CAN BUY THAT WAR BOND!
LEMME ALONE...
YOUSE AND YOUR WILD-MEN! WAIT'LL I GET YOU HOME!
AWWR, HOW WAS I TO KNOW ZATARA WAS HERE WITH THESE KIDS?
WHEN YOU BOYS ARE THROUGH CONVERSING, YOU CAN GO INSIDE! YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE SHOW...
ONCE AGAIN SHRILL LAUGHTER FILLS THE CIRCUS "TENT" AS THE SHOW GOES ON...
HOW DOES HE DO IT?
HA! HA!
WHAT A SHOW!
SOME HOURS LATER...
WE'RE BUSY, ZATARA. WE HAVEN'T TIME TO SEE A KID SHOW!
YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE, BOYS!
WE'RE NOT CHARGIN YOU ANY ADMISSION FEE, NEITHER!
CLEAVER NOLAN AND HIS WHOLE GANG! WHAT A HAUL!
GRRR!!
JUST A FEW WILDMEN, BOYS!
The END

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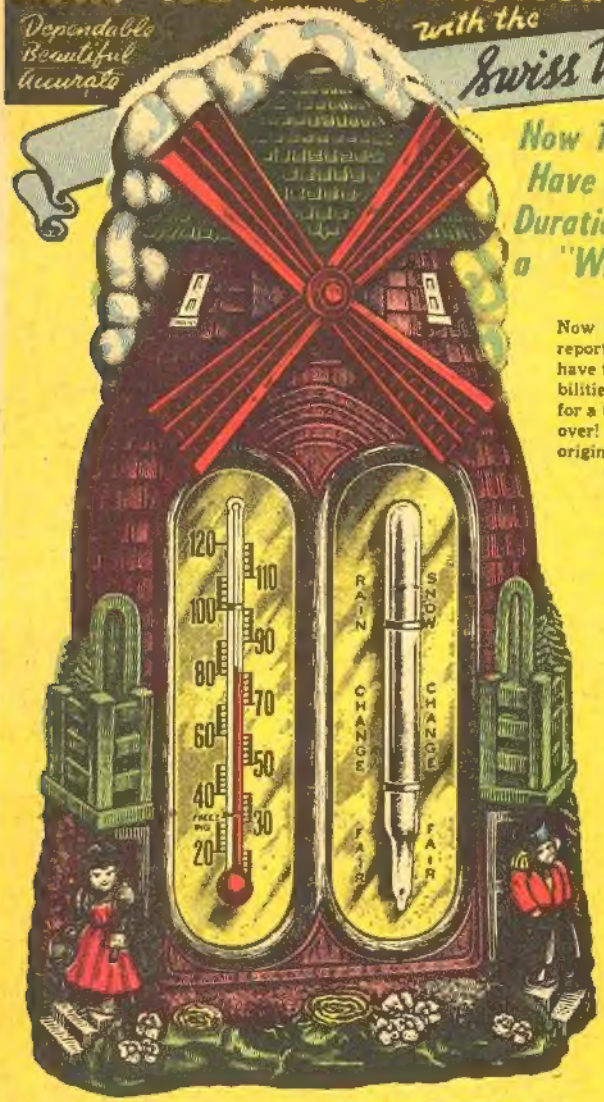

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Now that you no longer can get weather forecasts or temperature reports on the radio or through your local paper, your home should have the accurate, reliable Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau." BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be 100% accurate from 120° to 30° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unfailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burrwood—a masterpiece of craftmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades . . . even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced . . . with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN!

What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE. With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be. Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one.

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

Special Offer To AGENTS, DISTRIBUTORS!

Purchase Swiss Windmill Weather Forecasters At Our Special Quantity Wholesale Discount! Here is the fastest selling article of its kind that is being offered. Today, everyone is a prospect for this popular Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Special quantity wholesale discounts:

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Gentlemen: Please send me the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on your guarantee of absolute satisfaction or my money back. I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and COD fee

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Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.

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If you couldn't get *YOUR* BABY RUTH today, it may be on its way to an Army Camp, Naval station or Marine base where most BABY RUTH bars now go. You won't mind, since it brings food-energy, taste enjoyment to our hard-fighting men. In camps, home or abroad, cheery BABY RUTH helps to keep 'em BRISTLING WITH FOOD-ENERGY!

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